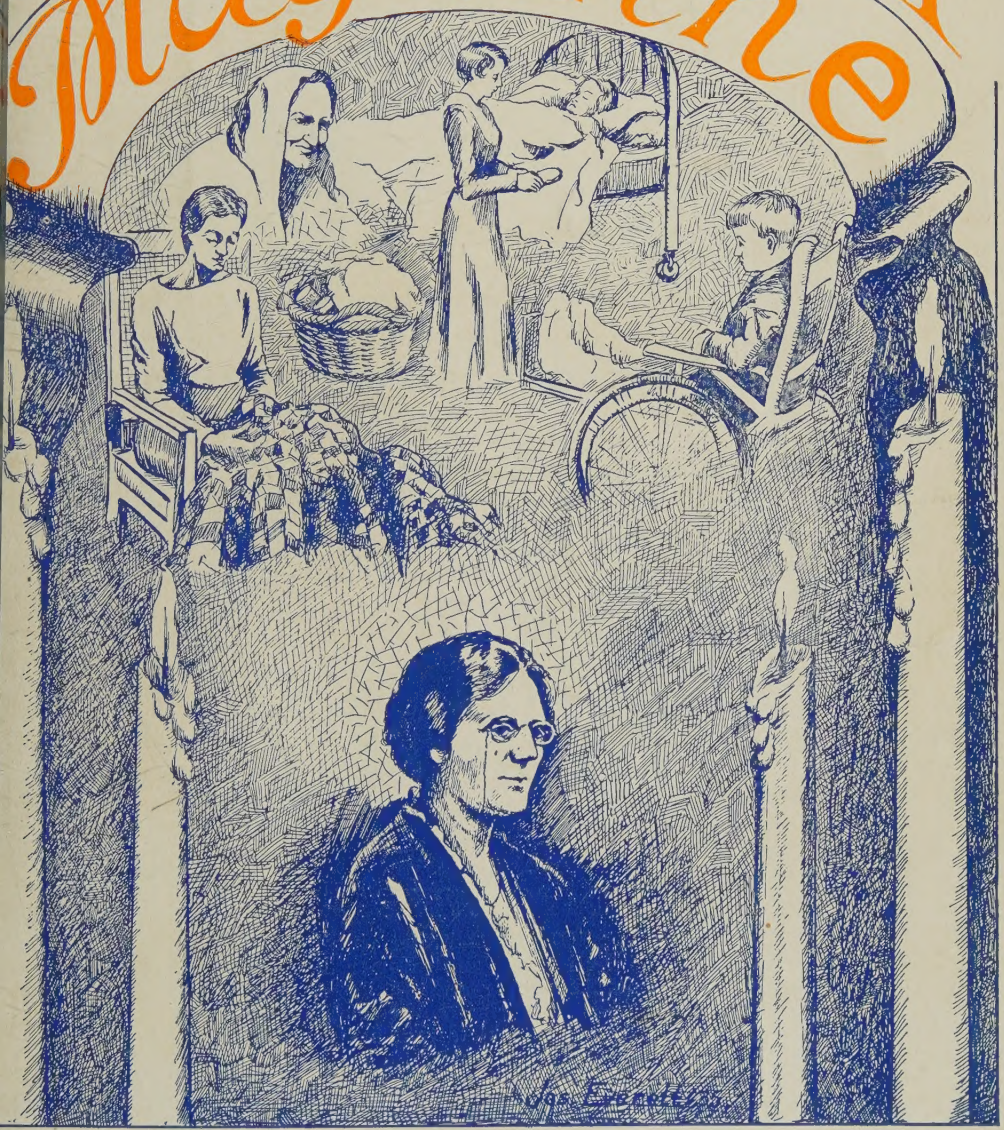
THE RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXII MARCH, 1935 No. 3

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Relief Society Song

By Ruth May Fox

How gracious is sweet Charity
Descended from above
To gird our great society
With harmony and love.
With open hand she walks with truth,
God's seal upon her brow;
She will not stoop to arrogance
To self she will not bow.

Like rain upon a desert land,
Or dew upon the flowers
With faith and hope and tenderness
Her benefits she showers
On all who need her ministries,
And oh, what loads of care
She changes into happiness
With goodly gifts to share.

We rev'rence, thee, sweet Charity,
Our hearts with thine enfold
Upon our banner beautiful
Thy name is wrought in gold.
With thee, our blest society
Must do the work assigned
By Him who knoweth every ill
And loves all humankind!

Charity never faileth
She hastens to forgive;
Her wisdom elevates the soul
And marks the way to live.

MEXICAN POPPY

W. D. Green

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXII MARCH, 1935 No. 3

Miracle on a March Day

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

"AN ugly black stove instead of shining white enamel," said Shannon Heath as she set the frying pan over the blazing wood fire in the kitchen range, "and pancakes instead of waffles."

The pancakes bubbled up and Shannon turned them skilfully. She could do without household conveniences if she had to, but there were certain things that she could not do without. She knew exactly what these things were, but no one else could possibly understand—no one in Utah anyway.

Not even Dan. And he really wanted to understand. She heard him out on the porch splashing water over his face. She could tell when the water spattered on and how it trickled off, and she knew just when he would seize the towel and when the water from the blue granite wash basin would land on the ground. Some men have such an irritating way of washing their faces and soaking their hair. Sometimes Shannon felt that she could not endure the snorting. Maybe, though, it wasn't his way of washing that was so bad. Just the general lack of culture, absence of the finer things.

Dan slammed the door shut. "Is that some March wind, not cold, but fierce, a snow-eating wind. I'll be plowing come tomorrow."

Come tomorrow. He had even forgotten the kind of language he had used when he was a law student back east. The kind of language he had used to impress Shannon when he first knew her back there at the University. Lawyer turned farmer. What a change! Well she hated farms—especially Utah farms. And Utah people. She was glad that she didn't know many of them. The fewer the better. Two years on the Fremont and she was acquainted with only a few of the neighbors. But if they were a fair sample of the rest it was just as well to have very little to do with them.

"Bring on the hot cakes. Do they look good, and Shannon, you're a beaut. That hair. Them eyes."

He thought he saw anger flare suddenly in her dark blue eyes. He looked at the magnificent coil of red hair on the small regal head. A smile now and then and she would be priceless.

"What you going to do today, honey? It's a swell day—snow almost melted, ice broke loose in the creek and crashing down. Hans Gunderson digging a ditch. What you going to do?"

"Clean the lamp chimneys. Wash the separator. Sweep up some mud. Tend the chickens. And if I get time I'm going to read."

Shannon read too much, but he didn't want to tell her that. And such peculiar reading. Not the plain kind of words he liked. Her books were different. A few days ago he had opened one of her volumes of poems and read a little. The phrases puzzled him. They didn't seem to mean anything. Strange how Shannon enjoyed such books, sitting hours alone reading them over and over again.

"Shan, dear, why don't you come out of the kinks and see a little more of the neighbors. Get acquainted with our native Utah stock. We farmers along the Fremont may not be polished much on the outside but we're solid clear through."

"Well, sometimes I'd prefer a little polish."

"Shan, don't try to be someone you're not. You were never cut out to be a cynic, a darling like you. I'd like my wife to understand my friends and find out what they're really like."

"The more I see of them the less I like them."

Shannon pushed back her chair and looked out at Mill Valley—a stretch of hills navy blue with cedars and patched here and there with snow; a canal skirting the hills; then the patterned fields sloping down to the creek. It was rugged and yet peaceful—strange combination. Far away towards the blue mountains she could see the canyon gash—the place where the pioneers had come through when they first saw the Fremont. So Dan had said, and the pioneers thought this the fairest valley under heaven. Well, they were pioneers with the ability to see paradise in any valley that meant an end to wandering.

"Shan, why don't you pick up and go in town to Relief Society meeting today. Mother was saying last night that the lesson's going to be about literature, Utah poetry."

"Is there any?"

Dan ignored the implication. "Well, they're going to talk about Utah poetry today in the literature lesson. Mother said Flossie Nielson's getting the work ready."

Flossie Nielson! The image of that woman loomed up before Shannon. Flossie Nielson of all people.

Dan was still pleading, "I'd think just out of curiosity you ought to go."

Maybe she would go. It ought to be humorous to hear Flossie Nielson talk about poetry—Utah poetry, if there was any. And what could these farm women understand about such things. She would go and see.

THE March wind billowed the flounce of her blue wool suit. Shannon wore low heeled brown shoes that left neat little prints along the edge of the road. She walked close to the bank of the creek to watch the loosened ice boulders roll and tumble in the stream. There was a smell of spring in the air and along Cedar Ridge farmers plowed on the dry hillsides. Shannon felt the wind on her face and the song of the creek in her ears. Springtime in the hill country!

Suddenly Shannon heard a raucous honk. She looked up just in time to see Flossie Nielson back a rattling old car out of the stockyard. Flossie twisted the wheel and brought the car around into the road. With one hand she pushed two little boys down into the back seat. Then she settled the baby girl down into her lap. Her hat was only half on and the tie on her yellow print dress was still waiting to be done up.

"Want a lift?" she called to Shannon.

The girl in the road turned. Flossie Nielson! But she might as well act grateful.

She climbed into the front seat and the car lurched forward and leaped along over the ruts.

"I've been more than busy today," explained Flossie. "Had to put the finishing touches on the lesson. And right the last minute Tommy pinched his finger in the door and that man of mine brought two cattle buyers home for dinner."

"I don't see how you get time to work in the Relief Society." Shannon was trying to make conversation.

"Time! I don't have time, but I take it. We farm women need Relief Society. It's about our only chance for lovely things. Why I wouldn't have read a poem these last fifteen years if it had not been for our literary lessons."

Poetry! Shannon looked at the dumpy little woman beside her. Certainly there was nothing romantic in her sandy hair and pale blue eyes. Her hands on the wheel were red and knotty.

The car swerved around a load of hay and chugged into the main street of the town. A row of miscellaneous automobiles and two old buggies stood in front of the meeting house and groups of women hurried along the sidewalk.

THEY went in together, Shannon and Flossie, and took their seats. Shannon saw the friendly smiles directed towards them. The opening song was one that Shannon had never heard—"For the strength of the hills we bless Thee, our God, our Father's God. . . . " For the strength of the hills. Through the window Shannon could see the gap in the mountains where the pioneers came through in the early days. "Thou hast made thy children mighty by the strength of the mountain sod. . . . " The music filled the chapel and floated out into the March sunshine.

When it was time to give the lesson Flossie stood up quietly with no apparent nervousness. Yet her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shining. She held a little sheaf of notes in her hand.

"I noticed the cedar trees today as I was coming to meeting. They are beautiful. At the forks of the road there is a cedar tree taller than most of the others. It grows on a side hill and you can see its roots spreading out among the rocks."

Cedar trees—almost against her will Shannon loved them—navy blue where they congregate in dark companies on the hillside, raggedly beautiful where they stand in silhouette alone.

Flossie's clear voice continued: "Utah literature is like this cedar tree with its roots in the rocks of this land and its branches reaching skyward. Not mature, a growing thing. Perhaps years will pass before our tree of literature stands superbly grown. The arts are slow of growth. But today, my dear sisters, I want to talk about some examples of Utah literature that I think are worthy of the traditions of our State."

Shannon looked at the women who listened. Some of them she knew. Old Marcia Gudmundson, without chick or child, who lived alone in Cottonwood Lane. Expectancy and eagerness flooded her wrinkled face. She had not been born in the mountain valleys but she had learned to love them.

Angeline Nagley whose large family had married and moved away to the city, Angeline who might have been very lonely indeed. But she did not look lonely. She smiled and there was a light in her brown eyes. She had come to the meeting to be filled with beauty and inspiration. Shannon saw it in her face.

Flossie spoke of the literature that flowered early in the Utah valleys, the writings of Eliza R. Snow and

the other sisters who edited the church magazines. "And the pioneers," said Flossie, "even the leaders who laid the foundations of our inland empire were poets too. I think you will like these words: 'I found a large room canopied by the sky and walled in by these mountains.' Thus Brigham Young described the Salt Lake Valley, in these very words. They are poetry — earthy poetry."

There was not a sound in the room. Expectantly the women waited. Flossie read again: " 'Their habitation is the munitions of rocks, and they ask no odds of the world, but they are subject to the God who has redeemed this basin. . . .' " Flossie folded a sheet of paper as she explained, "These words were uttered by Daniel H. Wells who felt deeply the surging pulse of the desert land."

Shannon looked at Trena Olsen, a young woman who had seen little of the world beyond the Fremont. She was married to a farmer and already the mother of a large family. She stared fixedly at Flossie and her eyes were eager.

Flossie glanced again at her notes. "Since these valleys were first settled Poetry has flowered in the desert; singers have lifted up voices of purity and power. One of our living poets, a woman, wrote these lines. I love them:

'Over the knees of the mountains
Indian summer lies
Like the golden haze of remembered
days
Over a woman's eyes. . . .' "

For a moment Shannon held her breath, drinking in the beauty of the words. At her side Helga Anderson sighed, "Them's the prettiest words I've heard since my Margaret died. She was a school teacher and could read real nice."

Shannon seemed to feel the emotions of all these women. A strange communion seemed to fill the room. She knew that everyone was remembering thoughts too deep for words.

Flossie folded up her notes and sat down. The lines of the closing song assailed Shannon with their lofty melody—"O, ye mountains high where the clear blue sky arches over the vales of the free . . ."

THE women lingered at the door. That was a good lesson. We enjoyed it. You did yourself proud, Flossie Nielson. I can live a long time on that. Vaguely Shannon heard their words of praise. Flossie deserved everything they said.

As the car jolted along out into the farmlands again Shannon sat very still. When they reached the Nielson yard she got out slowly, thoughtfully.

"Flossie, that lesson helped me out so much—so much more than I can say . . ."

"Oh, that's all right, Sister Heath. I haven't much ability but we all have to do what we can and I like the meetings."

All her arrogance, all her stupid superiority seemed to have vanished as Shannon walked along a road that meandered pleasantly through Mill Valley. The March wind whipped her cheeks and she heard the roar of the creek as it tumbled boulders and melting ice along its twisted channel. Shannon saw the cedar trees on the hills and she thought of their roots in the rocks and their branches lifted to the blue.

Music—the Language of the Soul

By Adeline Rasmussen Ensign

FROM the very beginning, music has had a very definite and important place in the life of man, a place it is certain to hold, for "Language is not subtle enough, tender enough, to express all we feel, and when language fails, the highest and deepest longings are translated into music."

The idea has been expressed that music was in existence even before the creation of man, when the earth was in the state of formation. However, we know that during man's habitation upon the earth, there has been music of one form or another. Music had a very humble beginning, to be sure, and its development down through the ages is indeed an interesting study. It has always held a very special place in the hearts of men for from its primitive state to its present level, it has been used as an expression of the innermost feelings.

The first mention of music in the Bible is in the twenty-first verse, fourth chapter of Genesis, and it is mentioned throughout the Bible, in both the Old and the New Testament. For just one example of its use in those early days we recall how Saul would send for David when he was in poor spirit, and how David with his harp would sing and play until "Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

Cicero, the great Roman orator said, "The songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a state."

IT was in July, 1830, when the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints had been organized but three months, that the Lord, seeing the need of music in His Church, gave the revelation requesting Emma Smith (who later became the first president of the Relief Society organization), to "Make a selection of sacred hymns, as it shall be given thee, which is pleasing unto me, to be had in My Church. For My soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

We see by this revelation that a song is a prayer and has more significance and value than most of us are prone to give it. We know there is a vast difference in saying our prayers, and praying, just as we should also realize there is the same difference in the way in which we sing. If the Lord considered singing of such great importance that just three months after the Church was organized,—in those troublesome times—He commanded Emma Smith to "Make a selection of hymns to be had in My Church," and when we realize He specified that "He wanted a selection which is pleasing unto Me, to be had in My Church," we understand there is a responsibility which cannot be overlooked or considered lightly.

FROM the first hymn book which was compiled by Emma Smith and printed in 1835, we quote the Preface:

"In order to sing by the Spirit, and with the understanding, it is necessary that the Church of the Latter-day Saints should have a collection

of 'Sacred Hymns' adapted to their faith and belief in the gospel, and as far as can be, holding forth the promise made to the fathers who died in the precious faith of a glorious resurrection, and a thousand years' reign on earth with the Son of Man in His glory. Notwithstanding the Church, as it were, is still in its infancy, yet, as the song of the righteous is a prayer unto God, it is sincerely hoped that the following collection, may answer every purpose till more are composed, or till we are blessed with a copious variety of the songs of Zion."

It was rather a difficult undertaking at first to find songs "adapted to the faith and belief of the Gospel," and naturally many songs were included in our first hymn books that were omitted from later editions as soon as our own poets and musicians set about to write according to our faith and beliefs. Many of our poets wrote beautiful words which they set to some tune familiar to them and which they loved, and likewise, our musicians set familiar words to beautiful music that they had composed. Among our songs we still find some written by those not of our faith, and as these songs are in accord with our teachings, they add greatly to our collection.

EVERY song has a message, a sermon in itself, and by careful study we are able to grasp the full meaning of each one. Only when we understand them completely can they come from our hearts. When we think of the Pioneers on their long trek across the plains, how weary and downhearted they would become and how after the singing of some hymns they would, with renewed courage, resume their toilsome journey, surely there is more to a song than just mere words and music.

The story has been told of a company of our American soldier boys just before going over the top in No Man's Land, grouping around in a dug-out, singing "Lead Kindly Light." Picture in your mind these boys who needed all the courage they could muster, just before making the supreme sacrifice, singing—

"Lead Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on!"

How earnest their plea—"The night is dark, and I am far from home—Lead Thou me on!"

If we could only realize the opportunities, which music affords us, to express our deepest and innermost feelings,—then our songs could not become a matter of form or custom, but we would partake of the spirit of them and sing them with fervor.

Its Place in The Relief Society

THE chorister and the organist of the Relief Society must understand the purpose of this great organization, understand thoroughly what may be required of them in their special offices, and then after having accepted the responsibility, put forth their very best efforts towards success. It is necessary that they attend the Stake Union meetings as well as the Ward Officers' meetings because there they receive instructions and partake of the spirit of their fellow workers, for it is with this closeness and unity of feeling and purpose that each effort is blended into a beautiful and harmonious whole. They should be willing to spend time in preparation of their work so that it can be presented intelligently,—realizing that it must be

thoroughly understood by them before it can be transmitted to others. They should know the powers of music and how our different moods can be translated and expressed in its language.

WE cannot put too much stress on the importance of the proper selection of songs in the Relief Society—for when they are chosen to correlate with the lesson they serve as an introduction and foundation upon which the class leader can build. Perhaps if more consideration is given to this feature, many thoughts would be discovered in our songs that could later be enlarged upon in our lessons. The ingenuity of the chorister is often challenged when a thought developed in the class work needs a certain song to complete the atmosphere.

THEN there is the chorus work that should be encouraged for there is something about mingling our voices together in song that unites us,—that weaves an invisible something around our hearts to bind us together. Surely nothing is more inspiring or delightful to hear than a well trained chorus.

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

These choruses when organized in the wards and stakes will find they have ample opportunity to furnish music on various occasions; Relief Society conferences, programs of various kinds, and what could be a more beautiful tribute to a departed friend than to sing at the funeral services.

THE choristers and organists have such splendid opportunities to become efficient leaders. There are many books written upon this subject which can be read and studied. Then, too, many radio programs feature only the best in music and if listened to attentively much can be learned in the way of phrasing, tempo, expression, etc. We must apply ourselves and remember "Of all work that produces results, nine-tenths must be hard work. There is no work from the highest to the lowest, which can be done well by any man who is unwilling to make the sacrifice."

NOW let us attend a Relief Society meeting; as we approach the appointed meeting place we hear strains of music—the organist is playing a prelude. How appropriate the selection, and how beautifully she renders it. It is her special privilege to create the atmosphere for the entire meeting. The chorister is ready too, her list of songs, selected to correlate with the lesson, she has already handed to the presiding officer. Everyone present feels the spirit of unity and co-operation.

Contrast this meeting with one where no forethought or preparation has been given to the prelude, where the chorister rushes in at the last moment, picks up a song book, and the first song she turns to is the song that is sung whether it be appropriate or not. This condition shows a decided lack of appreciation of the importance of music and the meeting for that day is greatly handicapped, indeed.

"My house is a house of order," saith the Lord. Can we expect His Holy Spirit to abide in a place where confusion and lack of preparation exist? We need the Spirit of the Lord, we invoke His blessings upon us but we have a right to expect them only when we have done our part to merit them.

Bulwer said, "What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the pow-

er to achieve, but the will to labor." We can so fittingly apply this to our Relief Society work. What use is talent if we aren't dependable, or the power to achieve if we haven't purpose and the will to labor?

THE Relief Society is a great organization and there is a vital place in it for music, but it is for us to give it the place it rightfully deserves—the place the Lord had in mind when He said, "For My soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto Me, and it shall be answered with a blessing upon their heads."

Promise of Spring

By Grace Zenor Pratt

The distant cottonwoods turn silvery green,
New wheat fields like an emerald carpet spread,
The glorious promise of another spring—
* * * And winter had betokened all things dead.

The hyacinths along the garden wall
Thrust up their waxen blooms from the dark earth,
Blue, rose and lavender, and purest white.
* * * A daffodil springs golden from the turf.

A wild rose now appears on swaying stem;
The sky is blue with fairy floating cloud,
An orchard fragrant in its rosy mist,
A field with upturned sod but newly ploughed.

So many springs beheld with wondering eye,
So many miracles of sun and shower,
With each new promise we behold in spring
Our faith returns to God's creative power.

The Work of the Hand

By Amy W. Evans

THE women of ancient Babylon used needles almost exactly like the ones we use today, and probably had the same difficulty in threading them as we do for the eyes were made after the manner of the modern needle.

This is one of the recent interesting discoveries of archeologists. Their findings also disclose the fact that the women of those ancient days did some fine decorative needle work.

Yet long before that time there is evidence that some sort of needle was in use, in fact needlecraft is as old as history and woman has stitched to clothe the family down through the ages.

While this craft grew out of human need for covering, for warmth and protection, it long ago developed an avenue of self expression in creative art, and through the various forms of the needle, as the crochet hook, rug hook, shuttles, etc, we have the fine tapestries, needlepoint hooked rugs, embroideries and laces which are cherished as beautiful specimens of art.

THE sewing day of the Relief Society was first organized to meet human need as shown by the minutes of October 14, 1843, a little over 92 years ago, "Meeting held in Lodge Room, Coun. Whitney presiding. Mrs. P. M. Wheeler proposed to the society that a sewing meeting be appointed that garments and bed coverings may be made and given to such as are suffering and cold and naked. Moved and seconded and carried that the sisters meet Thursday afternoon of each week at one o'clock to comfort the poor."—P. M. Wheeler, Asst. Sec.

From that time on this has been the main purpose of the sewing meeting in the Relief Society as expressed in the minutes of the organization so long ago. However with changing conditions the objectives of this meeting have broadened. When the need of sewing for the poor grew less urgent it became more apparent that there was a benefit to the members themselves in meeting together and working together. The idea of this meeting as an avenue for creative self expression took shape. Psychologists now tell us that to create something with the mind or hand is one of our fundamental desires, that by satisfying this urge we become more well rounded personalities and better able to meet the demands of life. This creative work with the hands releases pent up energy and relaxes tense muscles. The concentration on patterns and designs, the matching of colors takes the mind off personal worries. The manager of a needle work shop who has been in the business for years bears out this statement when he said that art needle work always booms in depression times.

None of us who have felt the thrill of creating a beautiful rug, an artistic quilt or a bit of fine lace need to be told of the satisfaction she has had in her work. Even when our handwork could not be considered strictly a work of art it has had a certain beauty to the one who created it and had a decided value to her as a means of self expression.

Recently there has been a boom in knitting and the department store art

sections are filled with earnest knitters. Of course knitted things are fashionable now. Some maintain that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt with her knitting bag during her husband's presidential campaign had something to do with starting the fashion. It has been rumored too that the Prince of Wales knits. Regardless of fashion knitting is restful and perhaps personal worries during the depression has had something to do with this knitting boom.

A woman who is 77 years old combines utility and beauty in the making of quilts. It is one of the major interests of her life. Recently one of her relatives asked her husband about her and he said "Oh, she's fine, those quilts of hers keep her happy and contented. They're what keeps her going." She is always on the lookout for new patterns and pieces, and she can see the concrete results of her own efforts in her greatly admired quilts. There is the recognition of her ability which also is a source of satisfaction to her. There is no doubt that what her husband said is true. They do "keep her going."

With what pride the creator of a beautiful hooked rug tells of the cast off silk hose and other discarded materials that she used in its construction. How she worked out her own design and color scheme. It is a child of her own hands and ingenuity.

Working as a group has advantages aside from social contacts. It is stimulating to see what other women are doing. Many a woman has been inspired to make her own home more comfortable and attractive by learning what other women are doing along this line. The exchange of ideas at our work meeting has its value.

Then again the tense nervous woman is greatly benefited by hand work. Psychiatrists have long used handicrafts in the treatment of nervous troubles. Too much intellectual work without an outlet in action of some sort tends toward nervous tension.

So aside from the fact of sewing to clothe under-privileged children and keep elderly people warm and comfortable our work meeting has another value. It is like mercy, it is twice blessed. "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

The comradship that comes from working side by side for a good purpose, the opportunity to satisfy our creative urge and our desire for recognition brings us a fuller and richer life. Our Relief Society program would not be well rounded without this phase of our work.

"Needle work has filled the need for women in every age since Penelope sat at her web."

AGE

By Claire S. Boyer

She sorted
out her
past days
quietly, and
put the fair ones
in a mental vase,
distilling days as
if they might be
rose leaves,
the fragrance
lingering
upon her face

Relief Society Teachers

By Lotta Paul Baxter

MANY are the activities and means of expression in Relief Society work. Whichever line of endeavor one decides to analyze, she is prone to become over-enthusiastic about it.

One reason why the Relief Society teacher and her work are so interesting is the fact that her work is the oldest division outside of the presidency, and was inaugurated one year after the society was organized. It has stood the test of time, and year by year is growing in importance.

For many years the duties and principal activities of the teacher were collecting donations. These consisted largely of merchandise, which were laboriously carried to the business meeting, there to be redistributed to the needy—a task requiring another visit with a heavy load. Her work involved looking after the physical well being of the people on her district, feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, performing the last sacred service for the dead.

So skillful and Christlike in manner were these services usually performed, that in countless homes through the intermountain region are heard today expressions of appreciation for these ministrations.

In 1916 the General Board prepared and suggested the use of topics to be used in the homes, but not until 1923 were these topics a required subject. They are the uniform outlines published in the Relief Society Magazine each month. At this time the teacher became an educator in a specific field, and every month these topics are discussed in a large number of homes throughout the Church.

THE strength and power of the teacher for good in each community at once arrests the attention of the investigator. A unit twenty-four thousand strong, working in harmony with, and under the direct supervision of, the general presidency—this fact is a testimony of the perfection of the mother organization and an illustration of the ability of groups to work together, when blessed with the spirit of their calling.

The general organization is the background which gives strength, dignity, and usefulness to the work of the teacher and makes its existence possible.

THE Relief Society teacher is not a hit or miss visitor, going where she pleases, when she pleases, at any and all times. She is called to do a specific piece of work among a distinct group, with whom she becomes acquainted and in whom she is personally interested. Their sorrows are her sorrows, their joys are her joys. The people of the district become attached to these faithful visitors who come to their homes with such regularity and with such richness of spirit that the people are reluctant to have them taken to another group.

WITHOUT desiring to cause an unsettled feeling in the work of the teaching corps, we nevertheless recommend a change of teachers on certain districts by the ward president whenever she deems such change desirable. Where this procedure has been tried we have noted a beneficial effect both to the visitor and to the visited. Educationally, it

has had a broadening tendency. Whether the teacher is left on the district over a long period of time, or whether she is asked to take a new one, rests entirely with the presidency of each ward.

WHAT greater tribute can be paid to any individual than to say she is honest? Honest with herself, with her associates and with her God? In public service, there is frequently a feeling of irresponsibility and sometimes a distinctly dishonest attitude in accounting for funds entrusted to the care of chosen officials. No feeling of this kind should creep into transactions of the Relief Society; for this work sets the teacher apart as a woman who can be trusted.

I have before me the 1933 Annual Report, which is a most interesting and informative pamphlet. Adding the three funds handled by the teachers—namely, the annual dues, the general fund, and the charity fund—we have a total of over $175,000.00. When you take into consideration that at a low estimate, five thousand women handled this fund, and that every cent received was duly accounted for and turned over to the proper authority, you must agree that we have much reason for pride and gratitude.

In the teacher's hand is a little book in which a sacred record is kept of all donations received on her district. She should never allow that book to fall into strange hands, for no one but the teacher and the ward presidency should see the record it contains.

I HAVE written below a few of the "mechanics" of teaching.

1. Always be prepared with topic and present it as best you can.
2. When approaching homes be careful in conversation. Many misunderstandings have drifted in through open doors and windows.
3. Always have the teacher's book with you.
4. Always ask how the donation is to be divided.
5. Never say "This is the first donation received."
6. Never use donations to make change in your home. Mistakes occur.
7. Never let your children make the notation of donation received.
8. Never let the hostess take the book to write in her donation.

These may seem small warnings to make; but their violation has caused much trouble where no harm was intended.

I BELIEVE that in the heart of every woman there is a desire to give to some one something she may possess. It may be material gifts, it may be service, it may be love; sometimes it is all three, and yet she lacks the initiative to express herself and to contact the right individual. The Relief Society teacher has the opportunity to pave the way for the fulfillment of all these desires. None more competent than she to take care of donations. None more resourceful to open the door of service to all who wish to serve. None more capable than she to direct the yearning for love from one woman to another.

Over a period of years I have eagerly listened to instructions given and tributes paid to Relief Society teachers and have thrilled to the beauty of all that was said; but I still believe that the possibilities and opportunities in this field have scarcely been opened. We have been good teachers, we can be better; we have comforted many, we can comfort more.

Social Activity in the Relief Society

By Achsa E. Paxman

THE Social Diversion in Relief Society is one of vital importance. Every woman needs the play spirit introduced in her work and in the serious thoughts of life. It is nature's way of developing and keeping mothers young and physically fit. Play does for the mind precisely what exercise does for the body—relaxes, strengthens, vivifies.

The Relief Society organization is strengthened in many ways where it plans delightful play time or social affairs for the members. What is lovelier than to see Relief Society women of various ages enjoying a well planned social entertainment. One is always impressed with the democratic atmosphere of all these parties. Women poor, women rich, educated women, and women of meager learning are all made welcome and heartily participate in the social atmosphere. For many women, the Relief Society is the only medium of social activity, consequently it is important that the organization plans sufficient social entertainment to meet the needs of all.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." "Variety is the spice of life." We may apply this philosophy to Relief Society. An interesting party gives a change from the expected routine; introduces the play spirit and produces relaxation; adds a more intimate friendliness; increases interest and attendance at Relief Society meetings.*

Social gatherings may be marred or improved according to the greetings and reception given the guests upon their arrival. A cordial welcome and a hearty handshake at once helps the recipient to acquire an attitude of sociability, which is a great asset for a successful and enjoyable afternoon. The reception committee should arrange for introductions to be made that all may be acquainted. It is also fine to promote a general handshaking with all as they assemble.

The following are suggestive social diversions that every ward may schedule during the year.

Opening Social held in September.

Party in honor of Visiting Teachers or Outgoing Officers.

Christmas Party.

Membership Social in February.

Anniversary Celebration in March.

Work and Business Exhibit Party.

Strawberry Festival.

Canyon Party or other Summer Festival.

Work and Business Day each month also gives a splendid opportunity to introduce varieties of social diversions.

The Ward that gives an outstanding Opening Social in the Fall and succeeds with a fine attendance at the Social has attained much toward a successful year.

THE following is a brief description of an Opening Social of 1934:

The Presidency sent postcards to

*The National Recreation Association, 315 4th Avenue, New York City, will send suggestions for interesting parties, games, and entertainment programs for a small fee. Write for a free catalogue. A few suggestions: Old time games, 10 cents, Progressive Contest Party, 5 cents, Radio Mystery Party, 5 cents, Twice 55 Games with music, 25 cents, What can we do (Social games and Stunts), 25 cents.

each woman in the ward inviting her to attend a Social and Luncheon. Each invitation assigned a small responsibility which added to the personal interest in the affair. Results: 150 women in attendance from a 136 enrollment with 36 children in the nursery. At 2:30 p. m. a delightful program was given which included an original play introducing the Relief Society Magazine. Following the program, games were played which secured the participation of every woman. Then a jolly crowd went to another hall where a delicious luncheon was served on beautifully set tables. Everyone left the social afternoon with joy and laughter in their hearts and a greater love for Relief Society and the friends with whom they had mingled.

Christmas Party. At this interesting time of the year many lovely things can be done to make the party novel and entertaining. One of our wards gave a sumptuous turkey dinner. The long tables were beautiful with Christmas decorations. The delicious food was perfectly served. An unusual program of music along with an original play were presented by Relief Society women. Toasts and gifts of appreciation were given to the honored guests, who were the women of the Relief Society past seventy years. One hundred and forty-five women enjoyed the afternoon.

Indeed, much time and effort was given to make this affair delightfully successful but the good accomplished in uniting the women, in advertising Relief Society, and in the evident joy of the participants was more than compensation for the hours of work required in the preparation.

Work and Business Exhibit Party. Prepare a program including original poems, stories, songs, etc. Introduce contest games as a social mixer. Serve light refreshments. Arrange exhibition of hand work.

Visiting Teacher's Socials are among the most important and most appreciated of parties. They may be made simple or elaborate but whatever is done is a gesture of appreciation for the fine service of the teachers and the good they are accomplishing.

At least once a year, it is desirable to have a Stake Social in order that the women of the several wards may mingle together. The anniversary Celebration may be chosen for this.

Some of the finest entertainment programs and socials have been given by organizations of the Relief Society. It is interesting to note the originality displayed in making these affairs both unique and joyful. A group of women, belonging to another church, were invited to participate with the Relief Society at an Anniversary Celebration. They were delighted with the unusual program and appreciated the welcome accorded them. These women have been greater friends ever since and even send contributions to help in the charity work.

Social activities are great assets to Relief Society. Even conversions result from the friendliness of these social functions.

A Tribute to the Relief Society

By President W. R. Sloan

I THINK that I can truthfully say that I have been an unofficial member of the Relief Society all of my life.

My earliest recollections are pleasantly intermingled with the kindly ministrations of this wonderful group of women who have contributed so much to relieve the suffering, worries and cares of their brothers and sisters during their sojourn in mortality.

As a child, I remember being taken to meetings, listening to these kindly mothers and grandmothers give their testimonies and wonder why tears rolled down their cheeks as they spoke.

On other occasions needles would fly, "new fangled "sewing machine wheels would whir under the pressure of fast moving treddles. Quilts would rapidly take shape, their bright colored blocks catching my youthful eye. It seemed sometimes to a tired little boy that mother's fingers would never cease to press her needle through these gay colors, nor her back to bend over the rack on which the work was stretched.

The work of Relief Society was so interwoven in my mother's life that it seemed the coming and going of these good women was as natural and expected as family prayers or the milking of cows of a morning, their duties as much a part of her life as the fetching and carrying, the ironing and washing, mending and cooking for her own household.

IN the fall of 1902, I returned from filling a two-and-one-half-year mission to the Eastern States—my first absence from the family hearth. It was the signal for new and mature responsibilities in life. Upon the date of my arrival home I was met by a member of the Ward Bishopric who advised me that I had been sustained as President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association the previous Sunday and that I was to proceed at once with the work.

Entering upon this responsibility with the enthusiasm of a returned missionary filled with the spirit of service, I soon found myself surrounded by a corps of workers ready and willing to do their part.

Just at the time that this work was assuming marks of some little success, I was called into a council meetings with Bishop J. M. Dunn, his first counselor and the stake presidency. They asked me to work as second counselor in the Bishopric and I was accordingly set apart for this work.

However this office was of short duration. When circumstances arose necessitating our worthy bishop's release, I was asked to succeed him as bishop of the Kimball Ward of the Alberta Stake, in Alberta, Canada. I was just 21 years old and as yet had not complied with the injunction of St. Paul when he said that a bishop must be blameless and the husband of one wife. Having just returned from a long mission, I had not yet made the preparations for such an important venture as marriage, but I entered upon the responsibilities of my new calling with all confidence and enthusiasm, assured that the Lord would provide.

It was here that I had my first

real insight into the workings of the Relief Society in the Church.

My mother was then the president of our ward organization, and while we were living on a ranch some seven miles from the ward meeting place, yet I have never seen more loyalty and love for work than my mother here manifested.

A team of gentle ponies was always kept on the ranch for mother's special use, it was long before the day of the automobile. Every week, upon the meeting day, the team would be harnessed and prepared for mother, who would drive the seven miles to be at her post of duty. And very seldom, if ever, would she leave the ranch without loading up the buggy with meats, butter, eggs, vegetables and other necesities to distribute among those in need. Sometimes she neglected to return home and upon investigation we would find that she had spent the night with some sick sister, in line with the code of duty of Relief Society, to comfort the sick and afflicted, minister to the dying and to care for the poor.

I have heard scores of people say, "Sister Sloan, we always feel better when you are with us because you always bring with you a spirit that makes us feel good. Surely you are a wonderful woman."

These testimonies and recollections are very dear to me for they came at a time in life when I needed the wisdom of experience to guide me, an unmarried bishop. During these two difficult years it was my mother who was indeed my real counselor. No one quite understood as mother did some of the problems that came up. Without her help I am sure that I could never have carried on my work.

THIS early foundation in Relief Society work was ever a bulwark to aid in building the Relief Society organization in the Northwestern States Mission.

During the eight years Sister Sloan and I labored in the mission presidency, the importance of the Relief Society as an unfailing tool in solving relief problems among our people was demonstrated time and again.

We were thrilled at the end of our term in office to report 35 Relief Society organizations with a combined membership of 800 earnest workers, throughout the mission.

Our Portland society commissary alone collected and distributed 1200 pieces of wearing apparel in one year and equipped one small branch of our people with clothing, after they had been driven from the drouth area of southern Utah, aiding and encouraging them to get a foothold in their new found homes.

The inspired organization of the Relief Society is testimony that the restored Gospel is the perfect plan for the salvation of mankind and that the mission of our Savior was to "give life, and that more abundantly."

If space would permit, one remarkable incident after another could be told of benefits brought to the Mission Field by Relief Society endeavor.

Our Vaughn, Montana, branch can testify to the spirit of this wonderfully alive organization. This branch was without funds when a group of our people moved into the town to make their homes. They wanted a chapel. Presiding Authorities were promised that they would furnish the labor if the Church would supply the material. The agreement was made. Materials were purchased and the membership turned to with a will. They started their chapel April 2, 1932, and before the end of the year they dedi-

cated it to the Lord, complete and paid for.

Well do I remember how those Relief Society sisters bustled about to aid in the construction, washing, painting, even helping with carpentry and cement work in addition to cheering the Priesthood along with food brought to the scene of operation to hasten the work.

The cooperation of that group was one of the most outstanding in the history of the mission. They stand as a testimony to other members of the Church. "Broke" financially, but not spiritually, these faithful men and women immediately set about building a place in which to worship when they arrived in Vaughn. Today they stand among the leaders in the mission branches for per capita payment of tithing. Only six non-tithe payers were listed among their membership for 1934.

AIDED by the Priesthood, the Relief Society program, properly administered, can go far to relieve mankind's six greatest worries, listed by one famous economist as: (1) Poverty, (2) Criticism, (3) Ill Health, (4) Loss of Love, (5) Old Age, and (6) Death.

Their program provides that the best form of charity is to try to get people to help themselves.

The course during the past ten years has done much for the poor and the needy, but I truly believe that it has done more for its own membership by developing within its ranks personal culture, personality, independence and a desire to be loyal self-supporting citizens of the nation and members of God's great Kingdom.

To Relief Society Sisters

By Elsie E. Barrett

May the dreams we have had
In the year that has gone—
The hopes we have cherished so dear—
All the fond yearning dreams
That no one ever knew
Of the wonderful things
That we've wanted to do—
Come true in this uncertain year.

May the faith in each heart
Have a daily increase
To light any rough darkened ways;
And then lest we forget
May Divine Spirit guide
So that we with the needy
May blessings divide
With grace in these changeable days.

Julia Alleman Child

By Jennie Brimhall Knight

"Oh, may I learn to love to give,
And for the sake of others live.
My sweetest joy be mine to know
That I have lessened others' woe."

THESE words from the pen of one of her teachers might be said to be the epitome of the life of our beloved sister and co-worker, Julia A. Child, who was born September 8, 1873, and died January 23, 1935.

It is always sad to say farewell to those we love, but there is compensation in the thought that they have gone to receive their reward and are at rest from pain. Although we shall miss her words of counsel and her expressions of faith, in fancy we may see her sparkling eyes and winsome smile, and hear her pleasant voice. We needs must say that God is just and good. We are consoled with the fact that through the years of labor and close association with her, we have painted a beautiful picture that will hang on memory's wall while time shall last.

JULIA ALLEMAN was the only daughter of Benjamin Alleman and Sarah Starr. Her childhood home, situated on the main street in Springville, Utah, is still occupied by members of her father's family.

Julia had a happy childhood. Adored and petted by her two brothers, she was never spoiled. She was affectionately devoted to her family, and being industrious, she found great satisfaction and joy helping her mother with the household duties.

Her parents, who were of pioneer stock, thrifty and energetic, made a comfortable and hospitable home where their children's friends always found a hearty welcome. Julia's keen mind, sunny disposition and merry laughter made her a favorite among the children at school in her home town. She began her work at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo while Dr. Karl G. Maeser was the president. Here she was a diligent and apt student. Her popularity among the young folks was evidenced by many admirers.

After graduation she taught school for a number of years in Springville. Her work was of such high merit that she filled engagements in various summer school and teacher institutes both in Utah and Idaho.

In addition to her professional and home life she devoted many hours as teacher and officer in various organizations of her Church. She was a counselor in the Y. L. M. I. A. of the Springville Second Ward and held a like position in the LeGrande Ward of Salt Lake City. She later was a member of the stake board and counselor in the Liberty Stake in the same organization.

When on April 1, 1924, Clarissa S. Williams became the General President of the National Women's Relief Society, Julia A. Child was chosen as a member of the general board, which position she held until the day she was chosen to be second counselor to President Louise Y. Robison, October 7, 1928. In these positions she has shown marked ability, good judgment and poise. She was chairman of the educational activities of the organization.

It was while Miss Alleman was teaching school that she met and finally married George N. Child, then superintendent of the schools of Utah County. To them were born a daughter whom they named Julia,

JULIA ALLEMAN CHILD

and two sons, John and Richard. Their marriage made of Mrs. Child a dual mother. Mr. Child having buried his charming wife was left with a family of six small children. He chose Miss Alleman to be his wife and their mother. Their family life was quite ideal. They enjoyed many successes together and shared each other's sorrows until death called Mr. Child in the prime of life, July 12, 1932.

Mrs. Child faced the situation with surprising faith and courage, and throughout the remaining years, although wracked with pain she still held to her idea of lessening others' woe and did not complain. How well she performed her part as the other mother can best be explained by the words of her stepdaughter who said, "she has been an angel in our home." The world has need of such splendid young people as the children they have left.

In all her public life she was recognized as a woman with ability and charm. She was calm in her deliberations, wise in her counsel. She was tolerant and decidedly careful and considerate of the opinions and feelings of others.

She was a wise and loyal counselor to President Robison, and they spent many happy hours together, among them being their attendance at the Congress of Women held in Chicago, July, 1933. Mrs. Child participated in the ceremonies at the erection of the Relief Society Monument at Nauvoo, Illinois, on July 27, 1933.

She worked earnestly for the advancement of the Relief Society in all the stakes and missions of the Church and wherever she went, her instructions were well received and she always made friends. She gave freely of her time, her talent and her love. Being blessed with faith and unusual patience she taught all of those who were fortunate enough to know her how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

THE Psalmist said: Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His Holy Place. He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

If ascending the hill means living the Gospel of Jesus Christ, Sister Child has ascended that hill, and if his Holy place means Heaven, we are satisfied that she stands in his Holy place with her loved ones.

A Mother's Dream

By Leaone Foutz Carson

"Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough bends the cradle will fall
Down will come baby, cradle and all."

SLOWLY and more slowly rocked the chair and softer and more softly sang the voice as the song neared its end until gradually both came to a standstill. Then with Gary's dear little head pillowed on her arm and his blue eyes closed in sleep, Rena sat watching. First she looked long and lovingly at his sweet baby face and as countless mothers have already done and as countless mothers will always do, she began dreaming of her baby's future. As she sat there in the lullaby hour which marked the close of a busy day she seemed all at once to look backward instead of forward and these words, spoken of old by the Lord, flashed into her mind: "And I will take you one of a city and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion."—Jeremiah 3:14.

"Yes, little Gary, this has surely been fulfilled as all of God's words will be in due time. I fancy now I can see the bleak snow-clad peaks of far away Scandinavia where people learn to overcome hardships of the severest kind in order to work out a meagre existence. It was there, little Gary, that your grandparents struggled to know and enjoy some of the finer things of life. Theirs was a serious life, their very souls being tried as they battled with the elements. Not much laughter for them as it takes sunshine to make people laugh. But this takes us on to sunny France where another family lived among flowers, sunshine and song. Life was kinder to them in many ways and it was given them to know the fine arts as well as the beauties of nature. And not far from these a small boy in wide plaited pantaloons and wooden shoes clattered down the streets of quaint old Holland where people understand what thrift, economy and sincerity mean to man. Ah yes! Gary, and across the channel a little brown-eyed girl played on the streets of the world's largest city. One day Queen Victoria attracted by this spotlessly clean child with her long curls and piercing eyes, stopped her fine carriage and gave the little girl a beautiful doll. Imagine, Gary! A queen giving your great grandmother a doll. Oh! but then she couldn't have been any dearer than you. Why any queen would stop to gaze at your plump little cheeks, your golden hair and wonderfully beautiful big blue eyes.

"And then came a marvelous work and a wonder. From somewhere afar came the voice of the Good Shepherd and the words of the ancient prophet were fulfilled as each in his turn was gathered, one from a city and two from a family and brought to Zion. Ah! little son! I can see them now crossing the great Atlantic in small sailing vessels. They were months on the way with the Grim Reaper leaving only five out of thirteen of one family. Some, child, knew the beloved prophet, saw him and heard his voice, figured in the Haun's Mill Massacre, and later walked most of the way over the burning, trackless plains, over the rugged and dangerous cliffs to the peaceful valleys of the mountains. Here they helped to lay the plans for this great commonwealth, subdued the desert and conquered the Indians, leaving it all for you and for me to enjoy.

"Now what shall we do with this great heritage, son? Waste it? Oh, no! First of all mother and daddy will strive to be worthy examples for you little son, to follow. Then surely with the strength and fortitude of the north; with the sunshine and culture of the south; and with the honesty and steadfastness of merry England and thrifty Holland; and back of all these—the blood of Israel flowing in your veins, you cannot and you will not fail, will you Gary?

"Who knows? Some day you may walk in the halls of the legislature or enforce the laws in the courts of justice; or you may yet save mother's life by your knowledge of medicine or surgery, or best of all you may go to the nations of the earth and proclaim the everlasting gospel to many other honest souls who are anxiously awaiting this message of hope.

"There now! Just one little squeeze and it woke you up. But mother just had to love you a tiny bit. Anyone would who looked at your little round face and dimpled hands. Oh! how our Heavenly Father blessed us when He sent you, one of His choice spirits to us, for us to care for and raise to serve Him. Oh, Gary! I hear daddy coming! Let's run to meet him."

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter 7

LIFE in a city apartment house was vastly different from that of the Haven farms. Kareen hunted about until she found one with the "Bohemian Air," as the landlord laughingly explained. All of his tenants were artists, and if the musicians did not object to the occasional odor of turpentine paints, the painters did not mind the continuous practising. Their first purchase was a second hand baby grand piano, delivered with a small "down" payment. This was a wonderful way of securing what you needed, while you needed it, and Kareen blissfully signed the contract papers without reading it.

"Father would never have done it that way," expostulated Richard. "Father always said to go without things until you could afford to pay for them."

"But Richard, it would be months before I could save up enough to buy the piano outright, and during that time you can practise. You are going to study in earnest now, with no outside work to distract your attention, or to stiffen your hands. You won't have to touch a thing but your piano, and in time, a violin!

"How I wish I could buy you a Stradivari violin to begin on! When you are of age, and we sell the farm, the very first thing we shall buy, or try to buy, will be a Stradivari violin!"

Kareen threw herself into the duties of this new life with increased animation. She kept her word, and never asked Richard to perform any task, no matter how trivial. She did all the house work and marketing. The piano nearly filled the tiny living room; two small bedrooms, a bath and the combination kitchen-dining room completed their tiny home.

"This whole place isn't as large as our dairy," complained Richard, stretching his constantly increasing frame until the frail couch creaked dangerously under his weight. "I feel cooped up, and shut in. I'm going home week ends. This milk doesn't taste right."

"O Richard," Kareen sought to conceal her true alarm with a forced laugh. "Don't you know the difference between raw and pasteurized milk? In cities milk has to be treated by heating, to kill possible germs that might creep in. This milk is much safer for you to drink."

"No milk on earth could be better or cleaner than that produced on the Haven Farms," scoffed Richard. "I like to drink it fresh—while it is still warm. And the radishes you brought home today are pithy and the lettuce stalks wilted."

"Perhaps I have been working you too hard," parried Kareen. "We will plan to walk in the park every evening and reduce your practising to five hours per day. And your teacher says you may now safely start real work on the violin. We will buy one tomorrow."

WITH Kareen's enthusiasm making up for Richard's indifference they shopped in all the music stores of the city, hunting the violin whose tone would most inspire the youthful musician to greater effort. "Do you happen to have a 'Stradivari' that I

might look at?" was her unvarying question. "They are distinctive from all other makes. The bodies are larger and broader and the varnish is a creation in itself." Music dealers came to know this strange, eager eyed woman with a discerning ear for musical tones, and the tall, overgrown boy who trailed her, noncommital and reserved.

"Perhaps this would suit you," offered one dealer more kindly than others had been. "It is not a Stradivari—but patterned after his style. It is not new; but as you must know, old violins are usually better." The dealer ran an experienced bow over the strings and even Richard seemed interested. The tones were beautiful and Kareen seized upon this find eagerly. On the inside of the violin the word "Stradivari" was plainly visible; by turning the instrument sidewise in a good light the word *"after"* could be discerned printed above it, in small inconspicuous letters. *"After* Stradivari," laughed Kareen; "naturally it would not be real. But some day, Richard, when we have sold the farm, and you are famous for your playing, then no matter what the price, we will buy a genuine Stradivari!"

THE months slipped by with the determination of the mother really making the boy a good player. Every night Kareen massaged his hands and soaked them in hot water. Every night as she worked, her tongue kept up a rapid recital of the achievements of great musicians.

"Beethoven wrote his 'Moonlight Sonata' after being inspired by hearing a blind girl play one of his earlier compositions. Johann Strauss wrote over four hundred waltzes. He became the court conductor at St. Petersburg. Think of it, Richard, he played before kings? Isn't that wonderful?"

"Kings have to eat," responded Richard. "I read in a book at the library yesterday that Mr. Burbank worked twenty-five years to perfect a strawberry he named 'The Patagonia'."

"Bach composed music for the organ, piano, cello and violin," Kareen would hasten to disregard all references to the farm. "He had eleven sons, all of whom were musicians. Fifty of his descendants were music performers."

"UNCLE OLIVER has a wonderfully fine Mother," Richard announced one evening coming home exceedingly late. "I don't suppose you would understand just what it means, but Burbank speaks of such things as 'sports.' One of the apple trees on the farm had a branch with different blossoms and the apples were different from the others. They were larger and sort of pointed on the end, and each apple had five little bumps near the blossom end. A nurseryman got to hear of it and came out. What do you think, Mother, that one apple tree sold for *three thousand dollars!"*

"Where was it growing?" queried Kareen with sudden interest.

"On the *Haven Farms,"* responded Richard, as though the question were superfluous.

"Oh, I mean, exactly where was it growing? Was it on Oliver's homestead or in Father Haven's orchard, or was it on our land."

"It is one of the trees father planted just north of our house."

"Then it is ours, *ours,"* cried Kareen exultantly, "and we can have that extra money. It could, it will be used to buy your Stradivari!"

Richard Haven the III rose to his full height, and never before had Kareen realized how he had become a counterpart of his father. In spite

of the curling blond hair and the tapering fingers, Richard Haven II stood before her as though he were still alive.

"We get only a hundred dollars a month, Mother, until I am twenty-one," he reminded her. "Uncle Oliver is investing part of this money in a tractor. It plows ten times as much land as horses can, and the trouble over in Europe is creating a great demand for American wheat. Uncle Oliver is planting an extra hundred acres to wheat this fall. Do you know, Mother, I have a queer feeling about that war across the pond. It's going to reach out farther and farther. Already there has been a revolution in Russia, and a lot of the exiled political prisoners, who had been banished by the Czar, have gained their freedom."

"How terrible, Richard, for people to fight when they might play," cried Kareen. "How much better to expend our energies in cultivating the fine arts than to learn how to kill! Think of Niccolo Paganini, Richard. He fought against poverty all through his childhood, in order to secure good instructions from the masters. Finally he managed to get a hearing from the famous teacher Signor Rollo who was so impressed with his genius that he gave Niccolo the beautiful blue cloak that had been presented to him at his last concert!"

"If this war keeps up," Richard spoke in slow prophetic tones, exactly as his father always had done, "the world will need farmers more than it needs violinists with blue cloaks. We have to raise things to eat, Mother! Wheat, barley, oats, corn, rye! We will need large stores of meat to ship to Europe! This means lucern, timothy; even the thornless cactus which Mr. Burbank has developed will come into great use. The world needs farmers—not violinists!"

Kareen saw his smouldering resentment and hastened to divert his attention. "Listen," she suggested. "The last few nights beautiful strains of music have been coming from below. Somewhere in the building there is a wonderful violinist. I have never seen him, *or her,"* she parried, "but whoever it is, plays with the genius of a master!"

"Oh, I know him," answered Richard. "He's a queer old codger. His shoulders are stooped and his face is awful white. He makes me think of the seedlings out on the farm that have been shut away from the light. Like a plant that has grown in a dark cellar. He claims he once owned a Stradivari, but it was stolen."

Kareen stood by the window and presently the strains of music, unquestionably from the fingers of a master, floated out upon the night air. Her features became radiant with the joy of appreciation. Her eyes gleamed with anticipated achievement; the apartment house seemed to fade into an opera house; to her the scene became a concert hall, with Richard the performer.

"Ah, my son," she cried, "when you can play like that, you shall have achieved the goal I have set for you! Soon you are to have your first recital. Your teacher has promised me if you keep on practising for another month or so, he will feature you alone. We will invite Father and Mother Haven; Esther and Oliver too. They won't come, I guess, they never mix with people. You will play MacDowell's 'To a Wild Rose'; and Humoresque; and 'Sextette from Lucia,' and—"

"Uncle Oliver told me that men are being mutilated by the thousands over in Europe; so many that the

demand has created an incentive for greater study of plastic surgery. He thinks doctors will soon be good enough that he can go East for his operation. It will take a long time, maybe more than a year. Aunt Esther will go with him, to get a real perfect glass eye. Last week, I saw him at the market, for a few minutes, and I sort of promised him, when he is ready to go, I'll go out and tend the farm while he's gone. Grandfather is getting too old for hard work."

This announcement was terrifying to Kareen, but she dared not betray her real emotions. "That day is perhaps far distant, son," she forced a brave smile; "Oliver would be taking a grave hazard to have a part of the leg bone removed unless he is very sure of the results. The thing for us, right now is to massage and soak your hands. Remember, *your recital!*"

KAREEN'S indomitable determination made malleable the soul of the boy. She gave him little unsupervised time; almost no leisure. Hour after hour the boy rehearsed. The first appearance of the promising young violinist was much publicized.

"I'm going for a long walk before the concert, Mother," Richard announced, standing for her inspection of his first dress suit. He looked thirty years old, the blue of his eyes, the gold of his hair, accentuated by the black broadcloth.

"O Richard, you may get dust upon your shoes! Or you will wander through the park and get your fingers soiled, or you will wrinkle your coat!"

"I will not walk in the park," he replied gravely. "You go to the theatre and take my violin with you. I need a long walk to sort of quiet my nerves."

"There will be flowers," smiled Kareen happily. "Remember to be there not later than seven-thirty."

The hall was filled with spectators. In the music loving community people gladly came to such concerts. Eight o'clock came, and a frantic teacher and white faced mother were distracted over the non-appearance of Richard Haven. At eight-thirty a white haired, slightly built man came forward to Kareen. "If madame will permit I will play the numbers of the concert. I know them well." While Kareen, shedding the first tears of her life, watched the long, agile fingers of a master violinist play as Richard had never played, her son lay flat on his back under an auto truck in the city market. Oblivious to time and dress suits and concerts, Richard Haven was helping his Uncle Oliver change a tire on an auto marked "Haven Farms, Incorporated."

(*To be Continued*)

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

A March day is like a blustering woman—a hidden promise of something fine when the storm is over.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM accomplished a most daring feat in the world of aeronautics in her solo flight across the Pacific. For once the story does not read "the first woman" but *the first person* to cross both the great oceans in a solo flight. She was also the first person to make a transcontinental auto-gyro flight.

HELEN WILLS MOODY is to make a come-back this spring. Tennis fans will await with interest another game between her and the new champion, Helen Jacobs.

MME. MARCELA SEMBRICH, the star of the original company, which opened the Metropolitan opera house in 1883 died this last winter. Caruso called her "My Greatest Gilda."

MRS. NOBUKO JO, Japanese social worker, has established small places called Wait-a-Bits by means of which she is said to have prevented 2,500 young women from suicide.

CORNELIA SKINNER will appear this month in her new play, written for one person. The play is an historical saga of American life covering the period from 1880 to 1934. Even her brilliant artistry will be taxed to the limit as it endeavors to portray the necessary periods in change of costume, voice, and condition.

ELIZABETH BERGNER, Viennese actress, acclaimed Europe's greatest star, made her debut on the American stage in the late winter and took the "first nighters" by storm. She appeared in "Escape Me Never," by Margaret Kennedy. Off stage she is simple and modest and avoids publicity telling the reporters "I am thrilled but terrified, so terrified."

KATHARINE CORNELL has been voted first place among all the actors or actreses on the American stage this last year.

MISS ELLEN FITZ PENDLETON has offered her resignation as president of Wellesly college effective June, 1936. The date marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of her presidency and the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation from this college.

ELLA VON E. WENDELL, eccentric spinster of New York, died last January. Her assets in real estate valued at $30,956,357 was turned over to charity. Why not the personal property of $8,034,555.68 as well?

MRS. HERBERT HOOVER calls following a "neglected art." She recommends schools for followship as well as leadership.

MRS. FLORENCE KAHN, California's representative in Congress, is the first and only woman on the appropriation committee. Aside from her arduous public work she writes a daily letter to her mother.

KATHLEEN NORRIS, called the world's richest serial writer, makes close to $300,000 a year.

Class Work

By Mary C. Kimball

THE Relief Society through its various activities is developing its members spiritually, mentally and physically. One of its major features is its class work. Each week the women assemble in clean, well-ventilated and attractive rooms to listen to and participate in lesson work. These lessons have been prepared by experts in their line. The educational opportunities, the spiritual inspiration and cultural enthusiasm afforded cannot be fully realized. This great educational program has drawn into the Relief Society thousands of women. Many of them who have hungered for educational opportunities, have found in these classes the inspiration, incentive and direction they have longed for. Many have become so well informed that they have been asked where they got their training.

Few realize how far-reaching are the effects of the classwork carried on in the Relief Society. It reaches women who live on farms and in cities. The hunger that there is in every normal heart for growth has in Relief Society classwork found appeasement. Thousands of women who have not had the opportunities of a college education are getting training equal to that received in universities through their Relief Society courses, and those who have had the benefits of university work find joy in studying authors they enjoyed years before and widening their knowledge of these authors and their books. The interest there awakened in subjects and people will last through life. The information there gained gives fine material for conversation in the home.

Adult education is one of the great movements of the day, and we know of no finer way of carrying on adult education than is done in the Relief Society. Here friends and neighbors, those who know and understand each other, meet under the most desirable conditions near their own home. These women of like ideals but of different intellectual powers, because they love and understand each other, participate freely in the class discussion and ask questions.

The information there obtained has been a great help to mothers when their children have asked questions and the children have looked with admiration on their mothers who answered their questions intelligently and gave the help they needed in their school work.

One woman who gave excellent service teaching literary lessons in her organization, when visiting her daughter's English teacher showed such knowledge of writers and books that she was asked in what college she received her excellent training. She replied, "I left school when I was fourteen. My education has come through the classes offered in the Relief Society."

One woman lived on a ranch and felt that her life was drab and ugly. She was persuaded to go to Relief Society meetings. She said, "What water is to the thirsty land, these lessons have been to my hungry soul. They changed my life; they gave me an interest and joy; they opened up new fields, and have enriched my life."

THOUSANDS have not only found enjoyment and develop-

ment but direction and impetus in their reading and have had the satisfaction that comes from communicating with great minds through these lessons. Since reading is a creative process, through the impetus of these lessons, these women have constantly reinterpreted books. Their emotions and imaginations have been aroused and often their creative power called forth. Through the rereading of books, they have discovered that great books grow with their maturing experience, that other books do not, and thus they have learned to distinguish a great book from those of less worth.

MORE and more people are realizing the need of religion if one is to lead a happy, normal life. Theological studies during the past years in the Relief Society have given the women a knowledge of the Scriptures and a spiritual uplift. They have studied Gospel Dispensations from Adam down to the present dispensation of the fulness of times. They have considered some social aspects of the life of Jesus, Parables of the Savior, Women of the Bible, Gospel Themes, the Twelve Apostles, Genealogy, The Book of Mormon and The Doctrine and Covenants.

Thus have they become familiar with the teachings of the restored Gospel and have been inspired to live better lives. In the testimony meetings following the theology lessons, they have poured out their hearts in gratitude to the Giver of every blessing. In this sacred communion, they have learned to understand each other better and love each other more.

IN the literary lessons, one of the most readily available sources of culture, they have found great delight. The literature has satisfied a soul-hunger. It has brought those who have followed its gleam into communion with great minds, in rapport with beauty of thought and expression, for literature is a storehouse of the best thoughts most beautifully expressed of all the ages. During the years the Relief Society has had literary lessons, it has studied the greatest writers and the greatest books of all time.

IN the Social Service Department, lessons have been studied on home economics, public health, social studies of local communities, standards of living, child welfare, personality studies and social reformers. These lessons have been practical and have been applied in the training of the children, in the bettering of homes and communities and the personal improvement of the members.

THE Relief Society has made continuous progress since its organization. During its reign women have been accorded greater opportunities than ever before in the world's history. Universities and colleges have opened their doors to them. Suffrage with all its attendant benefits has come. Every field of endeavor is being entered and the achievements of women in many lines are outstanding. One barrier after another has been removed as the women in their Relief Society classes study these things they realize that the key has been turned and that knowledge and intelligence has increased since their great organization was effected by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Friendship Formed in Our Work

By Inez Knight Allen

A FRIEND is one attached to another by esteem and affection." — *Webster*. Another has said "A friend is one who knows our faults and loves us still." A friend is one who turns a deaf ear to evil report, who shares joys and sorrows and who manifests sympathy and tenderness to another in all kinds of experiences.

THROUGH the Relief Society organization, groups throughout the Church are bound together by the strongest bonds of friendship. Being organized by the Priesthood, and given definite responsibility in behalf of all members at once creates a common interest. Each active member of the group knows that as she does, so each other member puts forth effort and makes adjustments at home in the interest of the work. All have the same objectives. Some weakness and some ability is common to each one. All rejoice over the success and happiness of others. All are eager to help where there is sickness or death in the community. Together they grieve with parents whose son perchance has gone away because he could find no work and whose manhood rebelled against depending on father and mother who are in financial distress. They are concerned with the young woman in love but whose lover is unable to provide necessities to begin independent life. In unison they mourn when one of the flock falls by the wayside in sin. There is a sympathetic tolerant desire to reclaim and prevent repetition. Some one's child wins distinction at school, and all feel the reflected honor.

Everyone is cheered by the happy marriage of the children and by the birth of the babies. Promotions in the Church among members is cause for thanksgiving. Through the Relief Society organization they unite, pooling their talents and resources to the end of helping all to realize their righteous desires. When there are meetings or conventions, each one on the program knows the fear and trembling which accompanies each of the others who have special parts to take, and they pray each for the other to do her best. As each officer seeks in humility the help of the Lord, she knows the others do the same.

They are seeking for the good in every one. Confidence is established in the understanding heart of one another, and they exchange experiences dear to them. Through this exchange of human hopes and disappointments, their souls are mellowed with tolerance and tenderness one toward another. They sense the meaning of the Savior when he said, "The Lord maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Souls of women thus laboring shine through adversity and prosperity. One beholds not alone the face and the raiment but the glorious spirit within. They seem lifted above temporal wealth or poverty, and they mingle in a more spiritual realm of equality, appreciating superior human and permanent values.

Slightly paraphrasing what the poet said, they are many souls with but a single thought, many hearts that beat as one.

THE educational plan enables all to grow in knowledge and de-

velop in righteousness. They find keen joy in these studies. In the leisure hours they enjoy one another. Such fine social affairs, small yet tremendous in scope, allow personal relaxation and increase companionship.

Thus working together with mutual sympathy and similar interest enriches lives with the most precious friendships. One truly feels all are children of the same Father. To laugh and play and sing together, to work and weep and pray toegther is real comradeship. Thank God for true friendships.

My Friends

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Do I need a friend, a true blue friend,
To serve in stress and need—
Give me a book solidified,
With ideals staunch and bonafide,
With human hope personified,
And I am served indeed!

Do I need a friend when days are blue,
And things look dull and dead,
Give me a book of lyric lore,
Of minstrelsy and troubadour,
A book where fancies tilt and soar,
And I am banqueted.

Do I need a friend to censure me,
When I am far from grace,
Give me the Book of the olden ode,
The Book of Books with its golden code,
That hews me straight to the narrow road,
And tells me face to face.

Do I need a friend whose praise is shorn
Of flattery and sham—
Give me the standard archetype,
The test and triumph of linotype,
That builds me true to my prototype,
And paints me as I am.

Do I need a friend a friend to spur me on
And flout my lagging zeal—
Give me the tale of yesteryear,
Whose pages breathe of the old frontier,
When red blood deeds of the pioneer,
Were true and warm and real.

Give me a book, a book that speaks
To the innermost heart of me—
Whether delux or modernized,
Or copyright or standardized,
A book that is imortalized,
That speaks to the soul of me!

The Gathering

By Lydia Burrows

MUSIC.

READER: "Music, God is its author; and not man. He laid the keynote of all harmonies. He planned all perfect combinations and He made us so that we can hear and understand."

MUSIC: "Oh, How Lovely was the Morning."

(1827. *Joseph Smith in attitude of Prayer.*)

CURTAIN

MUSIC: *"Praise to the Man."*

(1830. *The Organization of the Church. Joseph Smith and counselors.*)

CURTAIN

MUSIC: "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee."

(1842. *The Organization of the Relief Society. First Presidency with Joseph Smith standing.*)

READER:

"March 17th, did you say?
The Relief Society was organized
and we commemorate the day.
God's laws seemed to raise woman
to a higher plan,
She was needed in his cause
And must work along with man.
So she seemed to lead the race
When she found again her place,
And from that day in 1842, her
work began."

CURTAIN

MUSIC: "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

(1847. *Pioneers with Brigham Young around camp fire singing. Eliza R. Snow prays, using "Prayer of the Trail," prize poem, Jan. Mag.*, 1934.)

CURTAIN

MUSIC: "In Our Lovely Deseret."

(*Beehive, State emblem, on stage, center back.*)

READER:

"Gathering from all corners of the
earth
Come saints from every tongue and
clime,
To us, they bring their gifts divine."

(*Nations, in couples, come on stage in native costumes and go into hive, while their National music is played. America goes into hive last and returns with flag.*)

MUSIC: "Star Spangled Banner." (*Congregation*)

(*Couples come out of hive dressed in civilian clothes, and stand on sides of stage.*)

READER: "Our church is a composite of all peoples, all lands, all ages. Its fundamentals are beauty. One aim, one faith, one goal, the hand of fellowship is extended to all.

MUSIC: "Love at Home." (*while verse is read*)

READER:

HUMAN TOUCH

" 'Tis the human touch in this world
that counts,
The touch of your hand and mine,
Which means far more to the faint-
ing heart
Than shelter and bread and wine.
For shelter is gone when the night
is o'er
And the bread lasts only a day.
But the touch of the hand and the
sound of the voice
Sing on in the soul alway."

"The L. D. S. Church is a wonderful organization considered from a sociological point of view. Our Word of Wisdom, so say scientists,

is an exceptionally fine document and if observed, people would become famous for their physical and mental vigor.

"Relief Society members look with pride at our church organization, and the opportunities it offers for self-expression and growth. The door has been opened for woman. Although we are chiefly concerned with home and our children, it is impossible to forego the frequent mention of the Greeks and peoples of ages back, who have bequeathed to us models of architecture, and sculpture, as well as models of the drama, and other literary types, which have served as "well-springs" of inspiration to all subsequent ages.

"Man is that he might have joy. Experience teaches us that service to others, that type of unselfish service, which expects no reward, brings real joy. Such as our angels of mercy who go from house to house, (*enter two visiting teachers*) who care for the sick, bless the old, help the ones in need, no matter who or where they are, but to them all give heed."

(*One teacher kneels down by child with bandaged head, then they cross the stage and one pins a rose on an old lady.*)

READER: "The Relief Society in 1902 felt the crying need for department work as our organization stands out from all others, not because it's the oldest, not because it was organized by the Prophet Joseph Smith, not because of its size, others may be larger; but primarily because of its effectiveness and efficiency. The spirit of Relief Society is the spirit of service in its broadest and finest sense. It grips those who come under its influence and lifts them heavenward. All women are welcome, all are needed.

"The richness of our programs make it interesting to young as well as older ones. It will make woman more attractive, more charming, more successful in her sphere of action. The training she gets in this organization will make her a better wife, better mother and a happier woman.

"In 1923 the E. R. Snow memorial poem contest was established in honor of this pioneer poet and great woman leader, not only to perpetuate her memory by bringing it before the readers of our wonderful magazine each year in January, her natal month, but to encourage our ladies to cultivate the gifts of poetic expression and high ideals as she so beautifully exemplified them. 96 poems of quality and worth were sent in. Each year a notable improvement in quality of composition is seen. Most all are worthy of publication in our magazine, which has a circulation of 31,000."

(*Prize Poem if you want it.*)

(*Song, "Our Magazine," by chorus dressed in R. S. colors. Dec. Mag.*, 1933.)

READER: "The magazine comes once a month as a messenger of inspiration and consolation, filled with rare gems, poems, short stories, making us realize today as never before that we must constantly readjust to changing conditions.

"Relief Society sisters must keep abreast of Truth. In our organization we have talented women to supervise art, work and business. Really they are the cash registers as well as lending a touch of color and refinement to our homes. (*Enter teachers displaying sample of year's work.*) Everyone is affected by color and order, consciously or unconsciously. We cannot escape from it if we would. In our homes, color creates the atmosphere which has an effect on our thoughts, our moods and actions. If used correctly it is a force that enriches home life. You may have a home beautiful by com-

ing to our art class, 'Work and Business Dept.'

"THE BOARD OF ARBITRATION."

(*The Presidency enter followed by Secretary.*)

READER: "Presidents three, where all troubles are ironed out, and then comes one who records our acts and deeds, be they good or bad, who can say? as we weave into this mesh of life, a thread each day. This we hope, that when the last thread shall be woven in, God grant it be love instead of sin.

" 'Tis God to judge, deny the fact who can
The proper study of mankind is man."

(*Literary Teacher takes her place on stage.*)

READER: "The literary teacher acts as a guide as we travel over land or sea. How fascinating to have the fellowship of great men, that have gone, to meet men and women with their halos of glory, to travel if only in dreams or fancy. 'Tis like the memory of golden days, the serene midsummer evenings, or the dawn over wild lands, the briar rose, singing of birds, little tales told by the fire of long, long ago. 'Tis the entrance to fairyland, so to speak. The wise literary teacher always brings us safely home with a longing to go again.

"We also have one who understands human nature, the Social Service teacher, who with skill and care helps us over many rough places in life, with our joys in rearing a family."

(*Social Service Teacher comes in while this is being read.*)

(*Mother comes on stage with child, 6 or 7.*)

READER:

"A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it with care and skill—
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to his will.
And men said as they saw its beauty,
'It never shall know decay,
Great is thy skill, O builder,
Thy fame shall endure alway.' "

(*Child goes off stage and boy comes in, standing by mother.*)

READER:

"A mother builded a temple
With infinite and loving care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing effort,
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple, by the mother builded
Was unseen by the eye of man."

(*As the boy goes out a bridal couple come in arm in arm, from other side of stage.*)

READER:

"Gone is the builder's temple—
Crumbled into dust,
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the mother builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Heid a child's immortal soul."

(*Here, come over and kiss mother. She shakes hands with groom, waves handkerchief as they go out.*)

(*Theology Teacher goes in with scroll and stands in center of stage.*)

READER: "The Theology Teacher is the one who interprets the scriptures. For the last three years we have been studying the Doctrine and Covenants, the book of laws to the church.

"Hearken, O ye people of my Church, saith the voice of him who dwells on high, and whose eyes are upon all men; yea, hearken ye people from afar, and ye that are upon the islands of the sea, listen together.

"For verily the voice of the Lord is unto all men, and there is none to escape, and there is no eye that shall not see, neither ear that shall

not hear, neither heart that shall not be penetrated.

" 'God's decrees never fail.

" 'Thus sayeth the Lord, I am willing to make these things known unto all flesh, for I am no respecter of persons."

(*Pages come in and take hold of scroll and unroll it. Upon it is written, "The Glory of God is Intelligence."*)

MUSIC: "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning." (*Congregation.*)

READER: "All in all we are living in a wonderful day. Not withstanding the lawlessness on every hand, while crimes of appalling cruelty are common occurrences, while poverty has stalked through the earth, while war clouds hover over many lands, yet never has there been more opportunities, more understanding, more willingness to abide the Golden Rule and more faith to seek first the Kingdom of God and all other things that are righteous.

"Wealth may take wings and fly away, but knowledge is everlasting."

(*Pages cross to center stage and take book, which the Work and Business teachers have handed to President. They turn pages on which are written "KNOWLEDGE," "OPPORTUNITY," and "RELIEF SOCIETY."*

READER: "Knowledge is the golden ladder over which we climb to heaven. Knowledge is the light which illuminates our path through this life and leads us to a future life of everlasting glory.

"Opportunity is knocking at your door. (*turn page*)

"Will you ladies come and join us each Tuesday at two o'clock p. m.? (*turn page*)

"Remember, the clock of life is
wound but once,
And no one has the power,
To tell just when the hands shall
stop,
At late or early hour.
Now is the only time we own,
Live, love, toil with a will
Place no faith in tomorrow,
The clock may then be still."

MUSIC: Closing song, "Opportunity," Dec. Mag., 1933.

A Promise Fulfilled

By Theodore Martineau

AMONG the many who were left homeless through the Exodus from the Mormon Colonies in Mexico in 1912 was Mrs. Fannie C. Harper, owner of the Harper House in Colonia Juarez.

Mrs. Harper had for years taken a prominent part in the Women's organizations of the Juarez Stake and after the death of her husband, some years previously, had continued to carry on the hotel business in Colonia Juarez.

With all of the property accumulated through years of toil swept away by the Revolution, Mrs. Harper found herself an exile in the Village of R..... in Utah where she had relatives living.

While here she received a blessing in which she was promised that on her return to the Colonies, her life would be safe and she should regain possession of her property and thus enjoy the fruits of years of labor.

Having an abiding faith in this promise, and with but little to lose and much to gain Mrs. Harper made the return journey only to find on her arrival that the Villa soldiers then occupying the town had made her home their headquarters.

The building was now occupied by about one hundred soldiers, who promptly and very decisively denied her request that they vacate her home.

Repeated requests met with the same result, and it looked as if the promise our sister had received in her blessing might never be realized.

But Sister Harper was of that type of character whose faith never wavers. So she watched her chance which came on a day when the garrison was called out to meet an approaching enemy, only six men being left to guard the Cuartel.

Not anticipating even the remotest possibility of a lone woman daring to molest their home during their absence, this guard strayed away for a short pasear, only to find on their return, Mrs. Harper and a native woman busy in throwing out their possessions, bag and baggage. Expostulation, entreaty and even dire threats made no impression on the subject of our sketch, who calmly proceeded to wash and scrub and scrape away the accumulated trash.

Nor could the returning troops, either by persuasion or threats, prevail upon Sister Harper to let them again occupy her home, much to their chagrin.

She lives there still in the enjoyment of her home, and still, as of yore, dispenses the hospitality for which her house has so long been famous.

As a friend, counselor, and mother to the younger generation, Sister Harper well deserves the friendship and love of all her acquaintances, of whatever race or color, and it is a pleasure to bear record that these are hers in rich abundance.

Keepsakes for the Treasure Chest of Life

By Lella M. Hoggan

KEEP CLEAN

"No life can be pure in its purpose
and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and
stronger thereby."
—*Owen Meredith.*

CLEANLINESS is an essential quality of all culture, refinement, and beauty. But it is greater than any condition it ever graces: for it is indispensable to health and even life itself. It is the vibrant silver current that vitalizes the moral structure of civilization. It is the iron in the wine of life, that prevents disintegration. Truly, "Cleanliness is akin to godliness."

An environment that is not clean breeds misery and disease. The body that becomes defiled is in mortal danger. A life that is polluted soon falls into suffering and generally ends in black despair. The morally corrupted nation is the nation that is wiped from the map by the finger of righteousness.

Nature refuses to tolerate uncleanliness, and "The Spirit of God will not dwell in an unclean tabernacle."

Nature has a regular and thorough system of house cleaning. She lends us her two greatest cleansers, water and sunshine, in order that we, too, may clean our habitations.

When the Master found his Father's Temple defiled, he cleansed it by casting out the thieves and money changers. Should not we, too, cleanse our tabernacles when we find them becoming cluttered with the things that detract from their holiness? And is not a mental house cleaning quite as necessary as a physical one? Fear, anger, hatred, and all of their kin, literally poison the system and lower the morale of anyone who tolerates them.

There is a dignity and self-respect in cleanliness. It is a fact, that one may change her mental attitude from one of gloom and forboding, to one of hopeful expectancy, by having a warm bath and changing to clean, pretty raiment. The careful details of personal cleanliness are the badges of culture and refinement, and should be the expression of moral character.

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

David Starr Jordan says, "Not to escape temptation but to master it, is the way of righteousness." And Apostle Paul uttered one of the greatest truths of life when he said, "For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption: but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.

The broad, easy road of weakness and sin leads down to degeneration and despair; while the narrow path of self-denial, self-restraint, and self-

control, leads up to mastery and joy.

Our prayer should ever be, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."—51st Psalm.

We want clean pages in our book of life, pages that will need no apology. Generations are to follow after us. It is our desire that our descendants shall be clean and honest and kind. But what about our obligations to them? Will they look back upon our record with pride and satisfaction? Nature demands a clean blood stream, if we would pass on to the race our best inheritance. Those going before us have paid in pain, and blood, and tears for the spotless mantle they have placed on our shoulders. Are we willing to make a similar sacrifice, in order to pass it on to the next generation without blemish?

"Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." —Matt. 6:28. The Master artist adorns the lily in the white garb of purity. May not we adorn ourselves likewise?

"Those who wish to be clean, clean they may be," in body, in mind, and in spirit. Did not our Savior cleanse the lepers, and forgive the woman found in sin? His love reaches out to mankind today, even as it did of old. We, too, may make him the morning star of our high endeavor. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah 1:18.

Among our cherished ideals is a beautiful woman, who possesses all of the feminine graces. She is like a fragrant flower that sheds a delicate perfume all along the walks of life. She is the companion of our high hours of meditation—the woman we desire to become. As we are made strong by struggle and sacrifice: as we are cleansed by the fire of pain and sorrow: as our lives are sweetened by unselfish love: we may draw a little nearer to her day by day: until, finally, we shall be prepared to walk by her side, and feel the refining influence of her modest loveliness, the gentle touch of her chaste womanhood. Are you already walking in her sweet presence?

Surely, purity is one of the jewels beyond price. We shall certainly desire to make it one of our keepsakes for the treasure chest of life.

Let There Be Peace

At the end of 1934 Ishbel, Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council of Women, in response to letters urging her so to do, made an appeal to the National Councils all over the world to take active steps toward the abolition of future wars.

She calls attention to the silent procession of women at the Hague and tells that the great gathering was addressed by four members of Parliament, and that then the great procession was formed following a flag which proclaimed in big letters "Women Want World Peace."

"Silently the long procession made its way through the city until it came to a halt at the Peace Palace, where a petition was presented of which the text had already been submitted to the Government. It stated that women wanted peace based on arbitration; that they condemned war as being in contradiction with all humanitarian and religious principles. Women claimed from the delegates of all countries at Geneva rapid progress in the Disarmament negotiations according to the idea underlying the League of Nation. They drew inspiration from an expression of opinion of Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina in a telegram sent to President Roosevelt (on Good Will Day, May 17th, 1933) to the effect that she did not see any reason why peaceful settlement should not become the sole method of dealing with international disputes. The petition closed with the words 'Before all the world Dutch women declare that they want arbitration and mediation instead of war'."

Lady Aberdeen says, "the great thing is to get the movement going, and to encircle the world with the holy determination of mothers who are the originators of life and also the preservers of the lives of future generations.

"When the rank and file of the populations of all nations are evidently so agonizingly anxious to prevent War from breaking out, surely it must be within the power of the mothers of the human race, with the blessing of God, to bring influence to bear on the politicians which will prevent world suicide.

"I beseech you, dear friends, not to let this appeal fall on deaf ears, but to show in a practical way the potentiality of the Sisterhood of the International Council of Women in this crisis of the world's history."

Surely if women will unite the world over, they will have great power to hold at bay the War God.

Memories

By Ella J. Coulam

Have you passed a fragrant garden
In the Springtime of the year,
When the perfume of the violets
Awakened memories dear?

Have you watched the crystal waters
Of a rushing mountain stream
When a quiet pool in canyon's turn
Aroused a cherished dream?

Have you met a gentle woman
With a kindly passiveness,
Who reminded you of Heaven
And your Mother's tenderness?

Thank God for these reminders
Of the bright spots of our past,
Which will give us joy unmeasured
And hold our memories fast.

Notes from the Field

Carbon Stake

THESE two pictures from the Carbon Stake are quite typical of Relief Society. The one shows five generations, the other the organization of the Welling Ward, with the

FIVE GENERATIONS

WELLING WARD

babies who belong to the members. The Welling Ward has a membership of 105 families, and there were 20 new babies last year. All the activities of Relief Society are carried on with the spirit of enthusiasm for the work.

South Sanpete Stake

A VERY excellent program in the field of music is being conducted in the South Sanpete Stake. A chorus is organized in each ward and in the Stake Union Meetings there is also a regular music department, where the outline for the coming month's work is suggested. The choruses from the various wards take turns in furnishing music at the Union Meeting. This creates a spirit of friendly rivalry and works out for great good. Since it is felt that the young mothers should be interested as far as possible in the social service lessons, especially, the ward has organized a junior as well as a senior chorus of women, and the junior chorus furnishes the music on the social service lesson day. For special occasions, as the Relief Society Stake Conferences and the anniversary days, the choruses from all the stakes unite and furnish the music. The combined chorus is known as the "Relief Society Singing Mothers of the South Sanpete Stake." Each month a list of hymns is made out and given to the ward choristers, and these musical numbers correlate with the different lessons. The use of the baton is demonstrated for those who are self conscious about leading, and each chorister is given a chance to practice on the members of the chorus. The ten minutes allotted for practice on each Relief Society day, with the exception of Theology, is used to excellent advantage. The day on which the Literary lesson is given is set apart as a time for special remarks upon music appreciation. The class leaders cooperate closely with the choristers in selecting suitable musical numbers for this lesson.

This program of activity, when put into effect, gives an excellent opportunity for keeping the stake chorister and organist in touch with the wards, and if any difficulties arise there is an excellent place for discussing them together.

For the practice of the hymns ten minutes of the time is allowed in general assembly of the Union Meetings. Each ward practices the hymns on Social Service day and on Work and Business day.

The stake is to be congratulated for its faithful and competent choristers and organists. They are doing a very excellent work in bringing up the standard of music and aiding in the general cultural program of Relief Society.

Lyman Stake

A VERY interesting report of the activities of the Lyman Stake begins with the stake day, held on September 25, 1934. This was in honor of the wards. There was a good representation from practically every ward in the stake, and where there was not a representation, it was due to very unfavorable weather conditions. The Dines Ward, which is the most remote, is to be congratulated upon having one hundred percent in attendance.

During the morning session a very fine program was presented, and the playlet "The Spirit of the Magazine" was given. At this meeting the small banks which had been prepared were given to each ward executive officer. These banks were to hold the pennies for the Annual Dues and the *Magazine* subscriptions. At noon a hot luncheon was served to everyone present, and this was a very de-

lightful occasion, as some of the visitors had driven 75 miles or more to be in attendance. During the afternoon session special instructions on the Home Project introduced by the Relief Society this year, was the subject for discussion. During this day a fine bazaar was held. The Stake Board has assisted the members of the Lyman Ward in preparation for this, and the proceeds were to go to the stake and ward libraries. The stake is extremely happy that the movement for the libraries has been started, and the *Magazine* subscriptions throughout the stake have greatly increased. The wards are all enthusiastic over the Home Project. It was a very auspicious beginning for a successful year.

Lethbridge Stake

FROM the Lethbridge stake comes an account of Relief Society activity. It is extremely interesting when it is taken into account that the wards of this stake are quite widely separated, and there are many obstacles in the far north which our sisters have to surmount.

The beginning of the Relief Society year's activities was on September 25, 1934. At this time the stake executive officers had decided to visit three of the most remote wards. They left early in the morning for Calgary, the most distant ward, as their destination. There had been a severe storm, which was quite unusual, at this season of the year, but as the trip had been planned, the sisters decided not to postpone the start. The roads were very difficult to travel, and the journey of 186 miles was accomplished in seven hours. Calgary is the largest city in Alberta, and the Relief Society here is very active in looking after the Latter-day Saint women in this community. Stavely was the next point of destination. Here a most delightful meeting was held, with every member of the Relief Society and some visitors in attendance. Many of them had traveled over long expanses of muddy roads to be in attendance. The sisters continued their journey until they had covered the entire distance and met with the sisters. It was a very inspirational visit, and many fine phases of work and business that had been given in April Conference were demonstrated. It was a most excellent thing for the board to establish this very active contact with the sisters who are faithfully carrying on. Perhaps no more efficient and regular visiting teachers' work is done than is to be found in the Taber Ward of this stake. There are 16 districts and 34 teachers. Six of the districts are out of town and have to be visited by some means of transportation, and yet in this ward 100% visiting teachers was reported. There was a very interesting special meeting called in this ward in honor of the teachers, who were royally entertained by the ward presidency. A very fine spirit prevails throughout the different wards of the Lethbridge stake, and every ward is trying to do its best in carrying on the educational and material side of Relief Society work.

Yellowstone Stake

FROM the Yellowstone stake comes this very interesting item, which shows the force for good which Relief Society proves to be in our L. D. S. communities. It is certainly a practical demonstration of the spirit of stimulating good work. The following questionnaire was sent out to the wards, and the results which were received follow:

The observance of:

Prayer in the home.....90%
The Word of Wisdom.....90%
The Sabbath Day.....90%

Payment of Tithes.....84%
Free from forbidden practices and secret orders (Card-playing, Sunday pictures, etc.)....97%
Attendance at Sacrament Meetings 90%

Report on Magazine Subscriptions

WE publish herewith the last list of magazine subscriptions we shall print until the drive next fall.

We deeply appreciate the earnest effort of our magazine agents, and the assistance rendered them by the officers. We are grateful for the very large subscription list that has been turned in. We now have more subscriptions than ever before in our history. It is remarkable the increase that some wards and stakes have made within the last few months. East Jordan reports that they have turned in 124 more subscriptions this year than last. Sister Artemesia Romney, president of the Northern States Mission, says their subscriptions have increased very materially.

We hope all our subscribers will feel amply repaid in what the magazine offers them for their money.

WARDS 100% OR OVER

Ward	*Stake*	*Enrollment*	*No. Sub.*	*Percent*	*Name of Agent*
Beazer	Alberta	29	29	100	Mrs. Bertha Wynder
Hagerman	Blaine	40	40	100	Mrs. Emma Penfold
Marion	Cassia	24	27	112	Hattie N. Tolman
Mt. Glen	Union	13	13	100	Wanda Zaugg
Pershing	Alberta	9	9	100	Mrs. Vera Lee
Rochester	Emery	15	15	100	Cleo Olsen
Taylorsville	Alberta	19	19	100	Mrs. Rose Lowry
Union	Union	38	38	100	Rose Koffard

WARDS 75% OR UP TO 100%

Ward	*Stake*	*Enrollment*	*No. Sub.*	*Percent*	*Name of Agent*
Bancroft	Bannock	46	39	85	Mrs. Zetta Ormand
Bountiful 2nd	So. Davis	113	93	82	Alta Hill
Brigham City, 3rd	Box Elder			78	Mabel Christensen
Brigham City, 5th	Box Elder			94	Crystia Woodland
Carey	Blaine	47	35	75	May Wilde
Draper	East Jordan	84	71	84	Bertha Andrus
Emerson	Minidoka	40	33	82	
Hill Spring	Alberta	64	48	76	Mrs. Sarah Fisher
Kimberly	Twin Falls	20	15	75	
Mountain View	Alberta	54	41	78	Mrs. Sarah Stocker
Perry	Box Elder			75	Selma Thorn
Pleasant Grove, 2d	Timpanogos			75	
Rigby, 1st	Rigby	82	63	80	Elizabeth West
Roberts	Rigby	22	18	82	La Voun Kunz
Welling	Taylor	22	17	77	Elizabeth Bullock
11th	Ensign	115	87	76	
Pima	St. Joseph	147	145	98	Susannah Crockett

STAKE PERCENTAGES

Stake	*Enrollment*	*No. Sub.*	*Percent*	*Magazine Agent*
Alberta	557	306	55	Mrs. Violet Tanner
Alpine	748	340	45	Mrs. Ivy Steele
Blaine	357	182	50	Mrs. Alice Piper
Box Elder	928	577	62	Mrs. Eliza Thompson
East Jordan	656	403	61	Mrs. Matilda M. Smith
Minidoka	335	159	48	Mrs. Margaret Duffin
Oquirrh	438	189	43	
Palmyra	726	364	50	Mrs. Hattie Wilcox
Twin Falls	188	132	70	

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

MARCH seventeenth records many experiences and accomplishments of Relief Society. To you, dear members, for the achievements of this year, congratulations and hearty thanks.

Your efforts inspire confidence, your devotion indicates reliance upon divine aid which always insures success. *Louise Y. Robison*

IT is a source of keen pride and pleasure to me to be associated with the multitude of faithful workers in the Relief Society. Their devotion to the great Relief Society cause, and to the church itself; and their helpfulness to one another and to humanity in general at all times and under all circumstances destinguishes them as true followers of our Lord and Master.

Amy Brown Lyman

HONOR and gratitude to the women of Relief Society, who are the living embodiment of the two great commandments upon which hang all the law and the Gospel—to love and serve God and fellowmen. *Julia A. F. Lund*

GREETINGS to the women of Relief Society:

For my membership in this organization I am truly grateful. The opportunity it offers for unselfish service, as well as its educational value to all who will work for it cannot be over estimated. Also among its many blessings are the priceless friendships it has given me. God bless the Relief Society.

Emma A. Empey

THE influence and teaching of the General Board of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will reach every land, and hamlet in the world. The Board has traveled thousands of miles to carry a message of love for the Gospel, taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Sarah McClelland

MEMBERSHIP in the Relief Society breathes a divine testimony of the sweetness of life, for its mission is love, the "Charity that never faileth."—*Annie Wells Cannon.*

GREETINGS to the woman who "looketh well to the ways of her household, and who eateth not the bread of idleness," who increases her efficiency by study and participation in Relief Society activities.

Jennie B. Knight

"Go take to the lowly my blessing and peace.
As I cared for the poor so do ye,
And if ye do good to the least among these
Ye verily do it to me."

SURELY they whose untiring and ceaseless efforts to maintain the high ideals and standards of Relief Society have done just that. All praise and honor to them for their supreme loyalty and devotion. May there be peace, happiness and contentment in the souls of those whose love and understanding have helped scores to travel the highway of life. May vision, courage and faith in the cause they represent come to those whose responsibilities are new and problems many. *Lalene H. Hart*

THE beauty and breadth of Relief Society work is seen at its best in the activities in the Wards.

I wish to pay my tribute of appreciation to the Ward Presidents, Counselors and Secretaries, who are doing a splendid work. Every week someone who has been forgotten is found and brought into the fold. God bless the Ward Officers!

Lotta Paul Baxter

DURING the coming year may we all realize that it isn't the size of the thing we do, but the way in which we do it that is the ultimate test of our usefulness.

Wishing you continued success in your work. *Cora L. Bennion*

FROM its small beginning so long ago our Relief Society has grown until its message now goes to its organizations in 21 foreign countries and to every state in the Union.

On this its 93rd birthday greetings to its members everywhere and may God bless each one.

Amy W. Evans

IN the great cosmic universe of our Heavenly Father every atom has its place, and is inter-related with every other atom. So, in our Relief Society, each member has her place and adds her strength to the whole organization.

Rosannah C. Irvine

WITH joy I recall my visits to your Stakes. The cordiality, the sincerity and the love of our Relief Society workers has ever been an inspiration to me. May heaven's choicest blessings always be yours. *Nettie D. Bradford*

TO all members of the Woman's Relief Society on this the ninety-third birthday of its organization, Greetings: I cherish the most pleasant memories of all you whom I have contacted and hope to meet you all again and many more of my loyal co-workers during this coming season's activities.

Elise B. Alder

MAY Relief Society women be blessed by ever keeping in mind that loving His children is the way to love God. *Inez K. Allen*

OUR earth-life is significant. Opportunities are daily afforded us for service and improvement. Our Relief Society is a medium of education for women. It is our great opportunity! I sincerely appreciate our great organization.

Ida Peterson Beal

WE all have spiritual hungers—for self-expression, for the

beautiful, for friendship, for the gospel message of hope and peace. I am very grateful for my membership in an organization which satisfies these longings.

Kate M. Barker

TO all my Relief Society Sisters—love and appreciation. With John Greenleaf Whittier in The Eternal Goodness, may I say—

"O Friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear."

Marcia K. Howells

I AM grateful for the opportunity Relief Society has been to me, for the friendships I have formed and for the noble women with whom I have associated.

They have been an inspiration to me. May we look forward in this great work with hope and courage.

Hazel H. Greenwood

IN memory of the founders of this great Relief Society we send greetings to the officers whose untiring efforts direct the plans and most of all to the vast army of self-sacrificing, uncomplaining workers, who relieve the suffering, comfort the sorrowing, and cheer the despondent. *Emeline Y. Nebeker*

IT is a blessed privilege to belong to and participate in the activities of the Relief Society. The growth received through service and class participation therein is continually transforming the members, so that they are constantly getting nearer and nearer the stature to which the Master desired them to attain.

Mary C. Kimball

A Suggestion

ELDER OSMOND OLSEN, an ordinance worker in the Manti Temple, writes that on the day he and his wife were married, she presented him with a complete Temple suit which she had made herself. He has greatly treasured this because of his wife's thoughtfulness and the loving work she did for him.

He says he so often hears people make the excuse that they would go to the Temple if they had clothes. He suggests that neighbors, friends and relatives could cooperate in overcoming this obstacle, and also see that transportation is provided for those who desire to go to the Temple.

"Fits of Wits"

JUDGE NEPHI JENSEN has collected many of his terse, clever sayings and a few of his poems and bound them into a volume called "Fits of Wits." It will be greatly enjoyed and read with much profit, for Judge Jensen's philosophy is worthy of thoughful attention, and so tersely does he put his thought that one can get food for thought from a few words. Price 75c, Deseret Book Company.

Lesson Department

(First Week in May).

Theology and Testimony

LESSON VIII

The Kirtland Temple

1. *Early Revelations.* Scarcely a year after the Church was organized, and when the membership was still very small, the Lord gave a revelation to Joseph Smith in which he made brief and indirect allusion to the existence of temples in the last days. Here is the statement: "I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God; wherefore, gird up your loins *and I will suddenly come to my temple.*" (D. and C. 36:8.) The statement, although brief and indirect, was portentous of a practice that would later differentiate the Latter-day Saints from all other Christian people. It is doubtful, however, that at that time the members of the Church, and likely even the Prophet himself, realized its significance.

2. At first thought it may appear strange that the Lord is under the necessity of revealing the truth a little at a time, that is "line upon line and precept upon precept." The fact, of course, is that if principles were revealed in their entirety at one time, the Saints would not be prepared to receive them. Moreover, the same condition holds in secular matters. Children at school, for example, are given only a limited amount of new material at any one time. Students of music, of physical education, of medicine—and of anything—necessarily approach their subjects in the same manner. Indeed, on every hand and in every form of activity, the human brain is limited in its assimilation of new material.

3. Two months later the Lord again alluded to the same matter as follows: "That my covenant people may be gathered in one in that day when *I shall come to my temple,*" this time adding: "And this I do for the salvation of my people." (D. and C. 42:36.) Some four months later, in July of 1831, the Prophet arrived at Independence, Missouri, chiefly for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Saints in this locality. By that time he doubtless fully understood that the privilege and obligation of building a temple to the Lord rested upon his people, for in the language of the Prophets he was caused to exclaim: "When will the wilderness blossom as the rose? When will Zion be built up in her glory, *and where will Thy temple stand, unto which all nations shall come in the last days.*" (History of the Church, Vol. I, p. 189.) Almost immediately in reply the Lord said: "Behold, the place which is now called Independence is the center place; and *a spot for the temple is lying westward, upon a lot which is not far from the courthouse.*" (D. and C. 57:3.) A few days later, on the third of August, 1831, the Prophet in company with a small group of elders impressively dedicated the place to this sacred purpose. The structure has not been erected, but is held in contemplation by the Latter-day Saints for some future time.

4. *The Beginnnigs at Kirtland.* In a revelation given at Kirtland, Ohio,

December 27, 1832, the Lord directly commanded the establishment of a holy house. Here are his words: "Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing; and establish a house, even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God." (D. and C. 88:119.) For some reason, at least partially unknown, the Saints were slow to heed this command. Perhaps they did not understand its import; perhaps they were looking too steadfastly toward the "center place," or perhaps they were more interested in the promised rewards of the future than the stern realities of the present. At any rate, their delay brought forth a rebuke from the Lord in no uncertain terms, declaring that they had committed a grievous sin. He promised them, however, that if they kept his commandments they would still be successful. The Lord then gave the dimensions of the building and designated the purpose to which its various parts should be dedicated. (See D. and C., Sec. 95.)

5. *Constructing the Temple.* This had the effect of arousing the Saints to great activity. A building committee was appointed and a circular letter was sent to all branches of the Church, requesting the members to assist in the immediate fulfillment of the Lord's command. Some six weeks later, July 23, 1833, "The corner stones of the Lord's House were laid in Kirtland, after the order of the Holy Priesthood." It is interesting to note that on this very date the Saints in Missouri received notice from a lawless mob calling for their expulsion from that state. Work on the Kirtland temple, however, continued without interruption, although at times somewhat slowly, because of the extreme poverty of the Saints.

6. The Saints were perhaps never more fully united in a common purpose. "With very little capital except brain, bone, and sinew, combined with unwavering trust in God, men, women, and even children, worked with their might. While the brethren labored in their departments, the sisters were actively engaged in boarding and clothing workmen not otherwise provided for —all living as abstemiously as possible, so that every cent might be appropriated to the grand object, while their energies were stimulated by the prospect of participating in the blessing of a house, built by the direction of the Most High, and accepted by him." (Eliza R. Snow.)

7. Slightly less than two years after the construction of the temple began, a solemn assembly was held in Kirtland for "the purpose of blessing, in the name of the Lord, those who have heretofore assisted in building, by their labor and other means, The House of the Lord in this place." (Hist. of the Church, Vol. II, p. 205.) The record then gives the names of more than a hundred who were blessed because of their valiant and efficient work in this connection.

8. For some time prior to the completion of the temple, parts of it were used for council meetings and other gatherings of the Priesthood. As early as January, 1836, a code of rules was formulated and adopted for use in the "House of the Lord at Kirtland." On the twenty-first of the same month the First Presidency of the Church, together with Father Smith, met in the west room of the unfinished temple and engaged in solemn prayer. Father Smith was blessed by the First Presidency, after which, by virtue of his authority as Patriarch, he anointed and blessed them. After this was done several other officials of the

Church were invited into the room and given blessings. The Prophet relates that "The spirit of prophecy and revelation was poured out in mighty power; and loud hosannahs, and glory to God in the highest, saluted the heavens, for we all communed with the heavenly host." Certain detalis of these heavenly manifestations will be considered in a later part of this lesson.

9. *Dedication of the Temple.* The temple was dedicated on Sunday, March 27, 1836. The opening of the doors for the first session was set for eight o'clock in the morning. An hour before this time, however, throngs of people, from far and near, began to arrive. A capacity congregation of between nine and ten hundred were admitted, while many others were deprived from attending the service. The assembly was organized in solemn form, each of the divisions of the Priesthood being seated in its appointed place. The early part of the service was characterized by scripture reading, prayer, singing, and exhortation. The officers of the Church, also those of its various quorums, were duly accepted by a rising vote of all present. The dedicatory prayer, received by revelation, was then offered by the Prophet Joseph. (See D. and C., Sec. 109.) The congregation next sang the song which has since become a strong favorite among the Latter-day Saints, namely, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning." The proceedings were sealed by shouting "Hosannah, Hosannah, Hosannah to God and the Lamb," three times, sealing it each time with "Amen, Amen, and Amen."

10. *Early Spiritual Manifestations.* Brief mention has already been made of spiritual manifestation that occurred at a meeting in one of the rooms of the temple before its completion. It will be remembered that this was the occasion of a meeting attended by the First Presidency and the Patriarch. The Prophet writes: "The heavens were opened unto us, and I beheld the celestial kingdom of God, and the glory thereof, whether in the body or out I cannot tell. I saw the transcendent beauty of the gate through which the heirs of that kingdom will enter, which was like unto circling flames of fire; also the blazing throne of God, whereupon were seated the Father and the Son. I saw the beautiful streets of that kingdom, which had the appearance of being paved with gold. . . . . I saw the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb, who are now upon the earth, who hold the keys of this last ministry, in foreign lands, standing together in a circle, much fatigued, with their clothes tattered and feet swollen, with their eyes cast downward, and Jesus standing in their midst, and they did not behold him. The Savior looked upon them and wept." (Hist. of the Church, Vol. II, pp. 380-1.) This was by no means the full extent of what the Prophet saw, nor of those who were with him. Speaking of the latter, he says: "Angels ministered unto them as well as to myself, and the power of the Highest rested upon us, the house was filled with the glory of God, and we shouted Hosanna to God and the Lamb."

11. After the above manifestations were completed, the Prophet invited the High Councilors of Kirtland and Zion into the room. He says: "The visions were opened to them also. Some of them saw the face of the Savior, and others were ministered unto by holy angels." Thus, even before the temple was finished the Spirit of God was visited upon it in mighty abundance, not only as a manifestation to one individual but to many.

12. *Manifestations following the*

Dedication. Here is the Prophet's record of spiritual manifestations that occurred at a meeting held in the evening of the day of the dedication, which, however, was attended by officers of the Church only: "Brother George A. Smith arose and began to prophesy, when a voice was heard like the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, which filled the Temple, and all the congregation simultaneously arose, being moved upon by an invisible power; many began to speak in tongues and prophesy; others saw glorious visions; and I beheld the Temple was filled with angels, which fact I declared to the congregation. The people of the neighborhood came running together (hearing an unusual sound within, and seeing a bright light like a pillar of fire resting upon the temple), and were astonished at what was taking place." (Hist. of the Church, Vol. II, p. 428.) Thus not only those who were in attendance at the meeting witnessed the manifestations, but many others as well.

13. The next Sunday (April 3, 1836), following the eventful Sabbath upon which the Temple was dedicated, manifestations of even greater import were received. At the afternoon session the Sacrament was administered. When this had been done Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery retired to an appropriate stand, enclosed by curtains, and solemnly sought the Lord in prayer. They testify that the Lord Jesus Christ appeared unto them; and later Moses, Elias, and Elijah. (Read carefully D. and C., Sec. 110.)

The Kirtland Temple was built by the Latter-day Saints at a time of extreme poverty. The consummation of the Lord's commandment was a supreme test of their faith. But they arose to the occasion and manifested a faith and devotion seldom equalled in the history of mankind. As a reward for their diligence and obedience, the Lord poured out his blessings upon them in rich abundance. Even the Savior himself, with concourses of the heavenly host, graced the temple by his presence. Although the temple remained in the possession of the Latter-day Saints for only a short time, yet the blessings received within it will endure for eternity.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Make it very clear as to why revelations of the Lord are necessarily progressive?

2. What was happening to the Latter-day Saints in Missouri at the time the temple was undergoing construction? Give details.

3. Why was the building of the temple a supreme test of Latter-day Saint faith?

4. Enumerate the principal points in the dedicatory prayer.

5. Have some one give the origin of the song "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," then have the class sing it.

6. Make a list of all the spiritual manifestations known to have taken place in the Kirtland temple.

Teachers' Topic

MOTHER'S DAY

LIKE other days of remembrance a special day has been set apart to remind us—lest we forget — of the one whose prayers, love, devotion and service have been the firm foundation on

which that fundamental institution, the home, has been built, and upon which today the stability of civilization depends.

Although Mother's Day has, comparatively recently been designated as a holiday especially devoted to the honor of women generally, history reveals that the idea came from ancient times. Mother worship with its customs, rites and ceremonies dates back to pagan times. The worship of the "Mother of Gods" was used in Rome 250 years before Christ and was celebrated as a festival when the people brought offerings to the Temple. With the coming of Christ the festival was changed in spirit though it kept some of its old forms. It was there that the old celebration with pagan rites gave way to the one in honor of the "Mother Church" out of which grew the observance of "Mothering Sunday." This was the day allowed the children who were apprenticed out to visit their parents and take to them some little trinket or gift. Many beautiful stories of mothers in many countries, in olden and modern times, have been written which reveal their strong character and their patient devotion to their families and humanity. The story of Francis Willard and her mother is such an one.

IN our modern time the idea of a special day for Mother originated with Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, though in many places in Church gatherings it had been celebrated at various times. A proclamation by the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, in 1914, designated the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, to be observed by displaying the American flag and other appropriate exercises, as a public expression of our love and reverence for the mothers of our country.

To Latter-day Saint Mothers this day has a deeper significance. Appropriately set on Sunday, it is enriched by its association with the Divine, as they believe in their Heavenly Mother as in a Divine Father.

While we pay homage to those mothers whose long lives are full of joy and happiness with their family and friends, let us not forget those whose lives have been cut short by the ravages of disease, which might have been prevented through a little greater effort on our part. May this beautiful custom of honoring Motherhood never die, but take on a deeper meaning as the years come and go.

Literature

(For Third Week in May)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

What Every Woman Knows

She had an understanding with the years;
For always in her eyes there was a light
As though she kept a secret none might guess—
Some confidence that time had made her heart.
So calmly did she bear the weight of pain,
With such serenity accept the joy,
It seemed she had a mother love for life,
And all the days were children at her breast.

—*A Woman.*

THE pursuit of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful, is rightly said to be Man's highest task. Side by side through the ages Woman has aided Man in his task.

The measure of civilization lies in the opportunities provided for Woman to attain her highest development. Man seeks achievement by power, woman seeks accomplishment by influence. Intelligence, courage, and perseverance have directed her keen intuitions to aid Man. The highest ideal of which both Man and Woman are capable is that by intellectual and moral interdependence, reciprocity and companionship each individual attains Happiness.

Many pages in "The Book of Literature" record Woman's place in the world, in every department of development, in science, in art, in literature, in education, and in philanthropy. There are also many pages recorded of her own expression, a mirror of her heart and mind.

Woman, The Adventurer

Of woman, her heart and mind, many songs have been sung and many stories told. A mystic light veils from our sight Eve as the mother of men and Mary as the mother of Jesus, but they are the most reverenced of womanhood. In each woman's heart there is an understanding of the mother-love of Rebecca and Andromache, an exultant pride at the valiance of Deborah and Florence Nightingale, a human sympathy for the erring of Guinivere, and always a poignant sorrow for the Giacondas of every age. When Antigone (an tig'o ne) of Sophocles defied Creon and gave her brother burial so that immortality might not be denied him she gave the world a pattern of ideal womanhood—a defender of eternal law.

A great host of women are our literary companions inspiring, challenging, and comforting all womankind. To James M. Barrie, contemporary author, woman owes a most understanding and tender portrayal.

Sir James Matthew Barrie who once belonged to Scotland now belongs to the world. This master of two arts, fiction and drama, is held in affectionate regard by English-speaking people, readers and playgoers alike.

The son of Margaret Ogilvy was born in the little town of Kirreimuir, ninety miles from Edinburgh in 1869. The father, honest David Barrie, was then in his forty-sixth year. On the day of James' birth Margaret Ogilvy Barrie got her first set of hair-bottomed chairs for which she had long been saving up her sixpences. The boy who played as other boys over braes and downs, a little more shyly than the other laddies, was no genius child. He did, however, earn a reputation of a story-teller at the village school, a tiny seminary kept by two maiden ladies. Glasgow, Forfar, and Dumfries were the scenes of Barrie's education. The young scholar turned eagerly to literature finding romance in that which lay near at hand. A day came when Barrie's sister saw an advertisement for a feature writer in an English provincial paper that had strayed up north. Proving the successful applicant J. M. Barrie joined the staff of the Nottingham Journal in 1883. One by one the "Auld Licht Idylls," glimpses of the old minister, the postmistress, and the villagers of Kirriemuir, were written. Robert Louis Stevenson, enthusiastic over the work, encouraged Barrie to continue writing. "A Window in Thrums" another picture of the village soon followed. "The Little Minister" with the lovable Gavin Dishart and Lady Babbie, established Barrie's reputation as a

novelist. The sentiment, humor and pathos of the idylls and sketches were strange new qualities to the readers of English fiction, but the distinctive charm of the playfulness of the author won general acclaim. Established now in London, Barrie was still a "home-keeping chimney corner laddie" thinking always of the mother who watched and waited in Scotland as the new author took his rank in contemporary letters as a writer of genius.

Urged by Sir Henry Irving, England's noted actor producer, Barrie dramatized "The Little Minister." For the production of the play in the United States, the author visited New York. Then started the friendship with Charles Frohman, the most gifted and famous theatrical producer that America has known. Utah's own Maude Adams, the beloved American actress, as Lady Babbie, began her role as a Barrie character, for the author in his appreciation of her stated: "I love to write for her and see her, in my work." The dramatic activity of Barrie thus successfully began, continued bringing to the theatre many delightful plays, chief among them being "Quality Street," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "The Admirable Creichton," "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Dear Brutus." Barrie wrote plays to be produced conforming to no literary conventions. It has been well said that Barrie has more intuition into character than any other English playwright. There seems to be a spiritual intimacy in his work that accounts for its charm, his "April-weather" style, his fashion of combined sentiment and laughter. Because of this gift Barrie is particularly apt in his treatment of women and children. To his contemporaries Barrie, the man of genius, is a rare creature—"a child who can express through an artistic medium the childishness that is in him."

The hero of many years of popular acclaim, James M. Barrie is today the most unassuming little man you would meet in a day's walk. In 1913 the King of England bestowed knighthood upon him for his notable contribution to English life and letters. Another of his great days was his election to the rectorship of St. Andrews University, Scotland, and still another when he was made Chancellor of Edinburgh University in 1930. Known as the hermit of the Adelphi, where he lives, he is probably London's most contemplative pedestrian as he walks along the Strand unnoticed by many, yet known to the world as the finest embodiment of Scotland's national genius in our time.

Margaret Ogilvy, by her Son

In "Margaret Ogilvy" Barrie has raised a most enduring memorial to his mother. The work is not a biography in the accepted meaning of the word; it is not a tribute or a character sketch. In it the author has done more than draw a lovely picture of his mother's humble life, he tells us more about himself than about his mother as he reveals the mother-love which nurtured his genius. The beauty of the book lies in the fact that it is the intimate life of a woman whose life might have been found in thousands of Scottish homes of the period.

We perceive from Barrie's work that years of narrow means marked his mother's early years. The joy at the acquisition of a set of chairs is a landmark in the family history. Death came often to the Barrie home, leaving its mark of ill health upon the wee mother. Few incidents of importance are recorded in the life-story, rather do we note the dif-

ferent facets of the beautiful character of the woman who emerges from the pages of "Margaret Ogilvy."

Of his mother's face Barrie says, "For when you looked into my mother's eyes you knew as if he had told you why God sent her into the world —it was to open the minds of all who looked to beautiful thoughts." During a serious illness, after the accidental death of her oldest son, Barrie's mother became very dear to James. To make her smile and forget her grief was his joyous task. Whistling, capers, stories were all employed, the record of the smiles being kept to show the doctor each morning. In the chapter "What I Should Be" we see the mother's anxiety over her son's education. His disposition to become a writer recreated much consternation. Picturing him lonely and hungry on a park bench made her son's early experiences in London a source of great worry to her. How eagerly she watched for criticisms of her son's work when fame came his way. A most human account in the story records Margaret Ogilvy's jealousy over Robert Louis Stevenson. This contemporary of her son seemed to dim his greatness. With most intricate plans Barrie tempted his mother to read "The Master of Ballantrae" of Stevenson to offset her jealousy. As a day in Margaret Ogilvy's life is outlined we see the unselfish service of her "maid of all work," her daughter, Jane Ann. Then comes the closing scene, wistfully the loving son is asked, "Am I an auld woman?" Gleefully as a boy the picture of a girl in a magneta dress with a white pinafore, carrying her father's dinner, the girl she used to be, is painted. The most treasured family heirloom is called for, the christening robe. It was brought ot her, It seemed to bring back the memories of motherhood. One by one the children were named as she held it tenderly in her arms. The "maid of all work" passed away before the mistress. The son's last task was to bury them together. Again of his mother's eyes the son declares, "They were never more my guide than when I helped to put her to earth, not whimpering because my mother had been taken after seventy-six glorious years of life, but exulting in her even at the grave."

Our interest in Margaret Ogilvy is heightened by her son's confession that she is the essential heroine of all his books, she has found her way into every character of a good woman, young or old, that he has created.

Peter Pan

Sir James M. Barrie's delightful creation, "Peter Pan," has by now a secure place in the hearts of children of all ages. "I'm youth, Eternal youth," cries the immortal boy, Peter Pan. Playing "Peter Pan" a supreme achievement in imagination can be placed with "Alice in Wonderland," "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "The Blue Bird," "The Pied Piper," the rapture of childhood and the joy of all old age. William Lyon Phelps has written of "Peter Pan," "It is one of the most profound, original, and universal plays of our epoch." The text is now translated into nearly every modern language and produced in the theatres of almost every civilized country. A long line of talented actresses have played the role of the Boy Who Would Not Grow Up, but none with more elfin significance than Maude Adams, the idol of the American stage.

The play is written about the echo of a mother's sigh for her children— Ah, if you could only stay as you are. Not staying children but main-

taining the spirit of youth—a quality of mind, not age—is the message. The play opens like a modern comedy—Mr. and Mrs. Darling are going out for the evening, so they step to the nursery to say good-night to their children, Wendy, John, and Michael. Through the window the motherless Peter comes flying. The children are eager to follow Peter to fairyland. Off to the Never Never Land they go. The land is peopled by the world's lost children and fairies. The children are delighted with the fairies. Wendy becomes a mother to Peter. Pirates come to steal Wendy, but before she goes she makes Peter promise to take his medicine and wear his winter underwear. Tinker Bell, a faithful fairy companion, protects Peter from the Indians. There are many thrilling adventures and escapes. The children are finally taken back to the nursery, there to be greeted by their parents. Wendy wants her mother to adopt the lost children. Peter, however, decides that as he cannot consent to grow up, he must return to the Never Never Land. High in the tree tops he lives in the house made by Tinker Bell playing his pipes and waiting for the spring, because then Wendy will come to visit him. A statue of Peter Pan has been erected in Kensington Gardens as a gift to the children who visit there by the creator. The gift of Sir James Barrie came as a delightful surprise, set up by stealth in the night it was revealed to them on a May-day morning. How fitting it is that the royalties from this classic of fairy tales amounting to some $10,000 annually, now go to the support of the Children's Hospital in London as a gift of the creator of Peter Pan. To young and old the message of Peter Pan comes "Except ye become as little children."

"What Every Woman Knows"

The story of Maggie Shand, a beautiful embodiment of motherwife, is the material of the drama. Maggie Wylie, a plain Scotch woman, is the subject of a strange betrothal contract. Her brothers anxious to see her mated, advance John Shand the money for his education with the provision that at the end of five years he is to marry Maggie if she is willing. Maggie knows her limitation, as a girl without charm which she explains, "Charm is the bloom upon a woman. If you have it you don't have to have anything else. If you haven't it, all else won't do you any good."

Six years pass, John Shand's great hour has come. It is election night and he is running for parliament. Maggie, overdressed and plainer than ever, is awaiting the election returns at the committee rooms. John, victorious, is accompanied to his headquarters by many friends. As Maggie watches some of the women she realizes more than ever her own lack of appeal. John, loyal to his contract, now offers to marry Maggie. Maggie would release John, but the brothers decide the issue by presenting their sister as the bride-to-be of John Shand.

The play moves to London, some months later, John Shand has gained popularity through his speeches, the terse humor in them being known as "Shandism." At a committee meeting of women, John's speeches are the subject of discussion. Maggie protects from them the secret, she it is who writes the speeches. She explains herself later when suspected. "He loves to think he does it all himself, that's the way of men. I'm six years older than he is. I am plain and have no charm. I'm trying to make up for it."

During the course of events John Shand succumbs to the wiles of an

attractive woman. Maggie still plays her role in spite of the remonstrances of her brothers, "I'll save him if I can," she says as to her decision. It is decided not to jeopardize John's success by a separation. Plans are later made for John and Lady Sibyl to be house guests of a friend. John is selected to deliver an important speech for his party. Keen disappointment is evident when John meets with his colleagues to present his speech, it is inadequate and lacking fire. At a critical moment Maggie arrives, she brings a speech—John left it in London is her explanation. John delivers the speech and the "Shandism" of it again assures his success. John is saved for Maggie.

According to Charles Frohman's biographers "What Every Woman Knows" was written expressly for Maude Adams. "It was a dramatization of the roguish humor and exquisite womanliness that are her peculiar gifts." The author himself justifies this statement by saying that he wrote the play because "there was a Maude Adams in the world." The delightful comment of Maude Adams' appreciation of all that Barrie meant to her is found in her statement: "Whenever I act, I always feel that there is one unseen spectator, James M. Barrie."

Maude Adams

"From the eventful night at the Salt Lake Theatre, when nine months old Maude Adams was carried to the stage in "The Lost Child" up to her recent reappearance as Peter Pan, in whatever character she has been seen, it has been the player and not the play that has left the impression." A long list of characters have fallen to her interpretation: Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," the Duke in "L'Aiglon," Joan of Arc, Rosaling, Maggie Wylie, Phoebe T. Throisells, Chanticler, Peter Pan. As an actress Maude Adams hides behind her act. It would seem paradoxical to state that his exclusiveness has made her the best known actress on the American stage. Her frequent visits, professional and informal, to her birthplace, Salt Lake City, are marked by joy and appreciation. To this beloved public she made recently a valuable gift of paintings, another monument to her own spirit. The spirit of Maude Adams is the spirit of Peter Pan—joy and innocence, freshness of morning. The buoyant creative upbuilding energy of life that makes her cry, "I am youth, Eternal youth," is remembered by young and old wherever she has played.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Literature, Macy.
   2. Margaret Ogilvy, Barrie.
   3. Peter Pan, Barrie.
   4. What Every Woman Knows, Barrie.

B. Program:
   1. Music:
      Appropriate to "Mother."
   2. Review:
      a. Margaret Ogilvy.
      b. Peter Pan.
   3. Reading:
      "What Every Woman Knows."

C. Objective:
   This lesson has been planned for a "Mother's Day" program.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in May)

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

IT is said that one time, not long after the Crimean war of 1854-55, some British naval and army officers met at a dinner in London. in the midst of the conversation, which of course was about war, one of the number suggested that they take a vote on the question as to who, of all the workers in the Crimea, would most probably be the longest remembered. Each of them thereupon wrote a name on a slip of paper. When the votes were counted, it was discovered that the men had put the same name on all the slips. It was the name of Florence Nightingale.

At a time when the word "nurse" connoted to most minds not only ignorance and credulity, but also bad morals, Florence Nightingale turned it into a word fraught with tenderness, skill, and honor. In a day when women were not supposed to have anything to do with public affairs, even in line with their own nature and talents, Miss Nightingale became the dominating figure in the reorganization of one department of the army in England. Florence Nightingale was more than a nurse, therefore; she was an organizer, an executive, an administrator, an outstanding figure in the England of her time. In knowledge, in tenacity of purpose, in tact, no official in the country was a match for her. Indeed, one of these very officials said that, when nature made Miss Nightingale a woman, England lost a great commander. Which suggests a remark by Lytton Strachey, that there are two Florence Nightingales —the legendary and the real, the "Lady with a Lamp" and the woman who "moved under the stress of an impetus which finds no place in the popular imagination." None of the women we have studied thus far, great as they undoubtedly were, exceeded Florence Nightingale in ability and high character, and none ever attained the general popularity that she did.

1. *Preparatory Years.*

If we are to understand the interest and the activities of the adult, we must look into the interests and the activities of the child. We saw this in the case of both Octavia Hill and Jane Addams; it is the Wordsworthian adage that the "child is father to the man." This is especially true of the subject of this lesson.

Florence Nightingale was one of the social class known in England as "upper." Her father, William Nightingale, was the owner of two large estates — Embly Park, in Hampshire, and Lea Hurst, in Derbyshire. Besides, there were Mayfair rooms in London during the fashionable season, with its gay parties. Florence was born in Italy, in 1820, while her parents were on an extended visit to the Continent. She was named for the city of her birth. For the most part, she was reared at Embly Park, and was educated in the classics under her father's direction. Like every other girl in her social set, she was expected, after her "coming out" and her share of dances and dinner parties, to marry a gentleman in the same set and to settle down in the same sort of domestic life that millions of other English women had done. But Miss Nightingale had other plans for herself. She never married, and never seems to have wanted to marry.

Always her nature and disposition inclined toward tenderness where suffering was concerned. Even in imagination she was so. For the dolls with which she and her sister played were forever ailing and needed the care of the healer. In this respect she differed greatly from her sister. What injury the latter inflicted on the dolls, in broken legs, scarred faces, and bruised hands and arms, the former instantly and tenderly repaired. That at least is the tradition concerning her. And then, too, when she got a little older and was over the doll period, she used to visit the farm-folk in the neighborhood, especially the sick and those who suffered in any way, for the purpose of seeing if she could be of any use to them. Even ill-treated animals, particularly such as had been hurt in any manner, received protection and benefit from her solicitude for the unfortunate. A story is told to the effect that she once saved the life of a farmer's dog, who had been injured in an accident, who was to be shot as of no further use, but whom she nursed back to usefulness through knowing how to mend a broken leg. Thus many a home around Embly Park came both to know and to love the young healer.

From the time she reached womanhood till she was thirty-three years old Florence Nightingale lived a desperately dual life.

Outwardly she was a society belle. She danced, she went to dinner parties, she went abroad frequently with her parents and sister and attended no end of Italian operas, and she might have had her pick of the desirable young gentlemen in her circle, for she was both beautiful and engaging. Once indeed she thought seriously of marrying one of them, but only once, it seems. "I have an intellectual nature and a passional nature," she says, in a passage which we are abridging, "which requires satisfaction and which would find it in him, and I have a moral and active nature which I would *not* find in him. And sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events." But she did not.

Inwardly, however, she was burning up with a desire to satisfy what she called her moral and active nature. Of this she writes: "The thoughts and feelings that I have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me, I have always longed for. The first thought I can remember, and the last, was nursing work; and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young. * * * Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God! What is to become of me?" The obstacle in her way was her parents' prejudice against nursing. It was as if she had wanted to do the most menial labor. In the midst of her distress she came to think that God was punishing her for her sins. "No one," she said at this time, "has so grieved the Holy Spirit." And she prayed to be delivered from vanity and hypocrisy, and she could not bear to smile, "because she hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin," whatever it was. She "saw nothing desirable but death." When at length she became superintendent of a charitable nursing home and gained thus her independence, her mother almost wept. "We ducks," she said, "have hatched a wild swan." But, as one of Florence's biographers notes, it was an eagle they had hatched!

Meantime, Miss Nightingale had prepared herself for what she must

have known in her heart was coming. "She devoured the reports of medical commissions, the pamphlets of sanitary authorities, the histories of hospitals and homes. She spent the intervals of the London season in ragged schools and workhouses. When she went abroad with her family, she used her spare time so well that there was hardly a great hospital in Europe with which she was not acquainted, hardly a great city whose slums she had not passed through. * * * Then, while her mother and sister were taking the waters at Carlsbad, she succeeded in slipping off to a nursing institution at Kaiserswerth, where she remained for more than three months."*

2. *The Lady with a Lamp.*

It was the breaking out of war—the Crimean War—that gave her the opportunity she sought and at the same time showed her enormous capacity for such work. The Crimean War arose over an attempt by Russia to establish a protectorate over Greece, and was fought between Russia, on the one side, and Turkey, France, Great Britain, and Sardinia, on the other side.

A fortunate combination of circumstances brought Miss Nightingale into the picture. In the first place, she was prepared for her work by study and by experience. This we have already seen. If the war had come some years earlier, she would not have been ready; if it had come a few years later, she might have been committed to work elsewhere, and not been able to give it up. And then, in the second place, Sidney Herbert, a close friend of the Nightingales, was at the war office in the cabinet. As a matter of fact, a letter from him inviting her to go to the seat of war and one from her to him offering her services passed each other in the mail.

At Scutari, the place to which the wounded were sent, she found a veritable inferno. There were four miles of beds, but not enough to supply the needs, and these were so close together that one could hardly pass between them. Underneath were the shallow sewers, whose filthy breath rose into the rooms. The floors were so rotten that they could not be scrubbed. There was no ventilation whatever. Said Miss Nightingale, "I have been well acquainted with the dwellings of the worst parts of the great cities of Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night." The sheets were of canvas; there were no basins, towels, soap, brooms, mops, trays, plates, no knives or forks or spoons, no scissors, splints, or bandages. And of course there were no nurses before Miss Nightingale came. Of the altogether too few doctors the leading ones were too old to see what improvements could be made. Laundry facilities were all but nil, and the food was inadequate both in quantity and quality. To make matters worse, it took two or three weeks to bring the wounded from the battle-field to the hospital, and seventy-two out of every thousand died in transit.

If the British officials thought of Florence Nightingale as a nurse merely, they had reckoned without their host. She was much more than a nurse. Prior to embarking she was told that there were supplies enough at Scutari, but, whether she distrusted her informants or was unwilling to take any chances in a matter so important, she took with her great quantities of whatever she thought she would need. Also she carried about $35,000, which had

*_Eminent Victorians_ (Strachey), Florence Nightingale.

been contributed by friends of the army, and this was considerably increased by a fund collected by the *London Times*. Opposed by some of those who were her official supervisors at Scutari, she went over their heads and practically forced decisions in her favor from the central war office in London. The amount of red tape she encountered was interminable, not to say irritating, to a woman of her temperament, but she cut it whenever it was necessary. Once, when the commissary refused to let her unpack some supplies that were greatly needed, because he had not received any orders to do so, she herself ordered them unpacked, while that official stood by wringing his hands in agony. On another occasion, when five hundred new beds were needed, she hired two hundred men to build an addition to the Barrack Hospital, and paid them out of her private funds. It was not long, therefore, before she was in complete charge there, with no one to say her nay.

Her authority once established among the grumbling under officials and doctors, she set to work at the huge task of caring for the wounded. In a Turkish house she had laundry boilers installed. Soldiers' wives were put to work at the tubs. And so, for the first time, the sick men had clean things to wear and to sleep in. In addition they enjoyed the luxury of towels, soap, knives and forks, combs and toothbrushes. Next she saw to it that their food was nourishing, properly cooked, and served regularly, with such extra delicacies as soups, wines, and jellies. Similarly she provided the men with clothing and other essentials, for their kits had mostly been lost in the shuffle of events, and then, as she wrote to Herbert, she was practically "clothing the British army." The expenses, for the most part, were met from her own fund and that furnished by the *Times*. Indeed, in her own words also, she looked on the business of nursing as "the least important of the functions into which I have been forced." The effect of all this is expressed by Strachey, in the following passage from his *Eminent Victorians*:

"To those who watched her work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure.

"Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. 'Before she came,' said a soldier, 'there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as 'oly as a church.' The most cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those 'lowest sinks of human misery,' as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression 'which could distress a gentlewoman.' "

If, however, Miss Nightingale was all gentleness to the sick and helpless, she was something very dif-

ferent to those around her who were well. Here, too, she lived two lives. For, beneath the calm exterior of the woman who, dressed plainly and unassumingly, went about among the miles and miles of beds, comforting and consoling, there were all the signs of power, quick decision, the hard executive. Her voice, as one says, "had that in it one must fain call master." She never raised her voice; always she spoke softly, even when she commanded. "The thing just can't be done, Miss Nightingale," a doctor told her once. And she answered quietly, very quietly, "It must be done." And it *was* done. Her authority was altogether irresistible.

In the end, however, Miss Nightingale's health broke. But not her spirit. When the fever rose to a point where she was unable to move, she wrote letters till her mind left her. Once her life was despaired of. But she recovered. Her indomitable will saved her. On recovering, she was importuned to return to England, but she would not do so, she said, as long as there was a sick or wounded soldier left in the Barrack Hospital. And she did not. It was not, however, till four months after the declaration of peace that she embarked for home.

In England her reputation passed all bounds—thanks to the letters of the soldiers, the reports in the *Times*, and the official correspondence. On her arrival in England she was presented by the Queen with a brooch and a letter. The brooch bore a St. George's cross in red enamel and a Royal cipher, surmounted by diamonds, with the inscription, "Blessed are the merciful." And the letter contained the phrase that her Majesty hoped "to make the acquaintance of one who had set so bright an example to our sex."

3. *She Reforms the Army.*

Miss Nightingale's spectacular work at Scutari alone would have made her continuously famous. But in her own eyes it was but a springboard from which she was to leap to much greater usefulness. Scutari had only given her experience, knowledge, power, which she must now employ so as to bring about reforms in the army. Not only she, but others, saw this. "Such a *head!*" the Prince Consort set down in his diary after her visit to Balmoral, "I wish we had her at the War Office." She had, during her visit, gone into "all the defects of our present military hospital system and the reforms that are needed."

Two things hindered. One was her health. Two years at Scutari had undermined her nervous system, so that, during the forty-five years that remained to her (she died in 1910), she did her work often from a sick bed—reading bulky reports, dictating long letters, receiving visitors, high and low. And then there were the War Office officials, particularly the indecisive Lord Panmure, commonly known as the Bison, with others there, who spent their time resisting reforms. But she had her compensations, too. There was her immense popularity; there was her easy access to the Queen; and there was her own position among the upper class, which gave her access to peers and the nobility. Moreover, Sidney Herbert was her devotee and friend—as long as he was in office. It was a contest—who would win?

First of all, she wanted a Royal Commission appointed, to inquire into the health of the army. To attain this object, however, three steps would have to be taken. The commission would have to be authorized, then the right kind of men would have to be appointed on it,

and finally its powers would have to be defined in such a way as to favor reform. But this meant three distinct battles with the minister of war—Lord Panmure. These stretched out over six months each. But in the end Miss Nightingale had her way. She practically dictated not only the members on the Commission and defined their powers, but she decided what the Commission should say in its report and what it should not say. This was done, however, through Sidney Herbert, who wrote the report. Miss Nightingale got her way with Panmure, though, through infinite tact and her knowledge of human nature. The minister of war was abnormally sensitive on the point of unfavorable publicity, and she had in her desk an eight-hundred-page document, a report of her findings as to the health of the army and the need for reform, which she threatened to publish whenever he grew obstinate. She herself, if the thing were done today, would have been on the Commission, but those were days when women were not allowed a say in public affairs—except, as in the case of Miss Nightingale, from behind the curtains.

Miss Nightingale's next step was to get something done with the report of the Commission. As a rule, Royal Commissions were appointed, they reported, and there an end. She knew this, and was taking nothing for granted in the situation. From now on, therefore, all her knowledge, tact, and skill were directed toward getting things done according to the report. As it happened, this was not so hard as to engineer the report. For about this time Lord Palmerston left the premiership, and her intimate friend and co-worker, Sidney Herbert, was made prime minister. Of course, with the change of government Lord Panmure was forced out of office. This left the way clear for all the reforms which she had planned. The barracks and the hospitals were remodelled, being properly lighted and ventilated for the first time; they were given water supplies and good kitchen facilities; medical statistics were re-organized, an administrative code was drawn up, and attendants trained to the service; coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, gymnasiums, and workshops were established. Sidney Herbert's government, in which all these things happened, marked an epoch in the history of the English army.

Of the immense influence of Miss Nightingale's work as a reformer Strachey says: She laid the foundations "of the whole modern system of medical work in the army," and these years also "saw her beginning to bring her knowledge, her influence, and her activity into the service of the country at large. Her *Notes on Hospitals* (1859) revolutionized the theory of hospital construction and hospital management. She was immediately recognized as the leading expert upon all the questions involved; her advice flowed unceasingly and in all directions, so that there is no great hospital today which does not bear upon it the impress of her mind. Nor was this all. With the opening of the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital (1860), she became the founder of modern nursing."

Class Discussion

1. What hospital facilities have you in your community? What free services do your hospitals offer to those unable to pay? Is this adequate for the need? Do you have free nursing service? Sufficient trained nurses? Are school nurses employed in your education system?

2. What were the outstanding

characteristics of Florence Nightingale? In what way did her work pioneer the way for the Red Cross? Discuss some particulars of the Red Cross work that are similar to what she did.

3. Read *A Lady with a Lamp* or *Philomenia,* by Longfellow.

Mission Lessons

LESSON VIII. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

Health Habits

"Knowing what to do to keep well is the very best kind of knowledge."

MAN has been described as a bundle of habits. From birth a child reacts favorably toward the simplest habits of sleeping, eating and elimination. The rising hour, the daily bath, the number of hours of sleep, the care of the teeth, etc., may be referred to as our health habits. These habits should be properly established early in life, for they have a great deal to do with health, and later on, even enter into the formation of personality. The process of growing up is but a repetition of acts, or habits, which may make or mar our lives. The ability to make friends and the simple reaction to the various problems of life are partly the result of habit.

"Health is the ability to stay well." It is so vital and necessary for a successful life, that the formation of important health habits should begin early. If a child can acquire proper habits of eating, and sleeping; of elimination and of obedience to parents, his later life need give very little concern.

Bad habits acquired in early childhood are great handicaps in the race of life. Tantrums—which may be defined as sudden and violent outbursts of anger, not properly controlled, may continue through life, to the detriment of the individual.

Boys who acquire the tobacco habit early are rarely able to overcome it when they become men. Tobacco is a poison which undermines the will and makes the nerves unsteady and unreliable. Tobacco robs the muscles of strength, it weakens the heart, and hurts the character.

Under no condition should children be permitted the use of tea and coffee. We find adults suffering from certain nervous disorders because as children they were allowed to use these beverages. An ounce of tea leaves may contain as much as twenty grains of poison, and this, if given in one dose, would poison a child. Pure water and good milk are the best and safest drinks.

The emotions of fear, of jealousy, of destructiveness, and of anger must early be controlled. These have not only a weakening effect upon the character of the child, but they are very harmful to his physical well-being.

The successful and happy life of the adult depends largely upon the daily hygiene of the child—hikes, play, exercise, food, study and cleanliness. The person who is unhappy, and in poor health, may be the one who has failed to acquire good health habits.

Teeth

The care of the teeth really begins with the mother before the child is born. Proper food during pregnancy will add much to the structure of good teeth—which are so necessary to health in later life. It is important for the expectant mother to eat vegetable soups, eggs, fish and chicken. It is better that she avoid pork and veal. An abundance of vegetables, both raw and cooked,

will be very helpful to the baby's teeth. Cooked fruits may be taken, but fresh fruits are preferable.

When a child is late in cutting teeth, it usually means the diet of the child is deficient, and it is necessary to consult a doctor. Some form of cod liver oil is very beneficial to the growing child because it furnishes some of the vitamins that are not found in the average diet.

The brushing of the teeth at least twice daily is a health habit that should be established early in life. Such a habit will pay big dividends all through life. Cleanliness prevents decay and decay destroys teeth. Baby teeth should never be allowed to rapidly decay. The child should be taken to a dentist and his teeth filled before teeth begin to ache. An aching tooth tells a story of neglect. Some hard foods, such as raw vegetables should be eaten daily for the sake of the teeth. It is well to remember that milk, eggs and green vegetables are the types of food necessary to prevent the early decay of teeth.

The old saying, "good teeth, good health," still rings true. Personal beauty is very much enhanced by the possession of a mouth full of good, clean teeth. The mouth should be cleaned of old roots. Decayed teeth are detrimental both to a sweet breath and to health.

Headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism and even heart disease, have been traced to bad teeth. In all cases of chronic illness it is well to have the teeth X-rayed. Small abcesses and pus pockets found at the roots of bad teeth may have much to do with the cause of disease.

Bathing

A daily bath is not essential to health but it is a fine adjunct. There are whole races of people who never bathe. To people living in temperate and hot countries a daily bath is both refreshing and healthful.

The skin is one of the organs of elimination. It helps get rid of bodily poisons in much the same manner as our lungs and kidneys do. Bathing stimulates the action of the skin and increases its power to throw off poisons. A cleansing bath with hot water and soap is very necessary at least twice a week, to assist the skin in this process.

Warm baths are sedative and are often used in hospitals to quiet excitability and the delirium of very nervous patients. A hot or a cold bath is often stimulating to body activities. A daily cold tub, while enjoyed by many, is not to be recommended for everyone, because of its sudden shock to the circulatory system.

A valuable substitute, in the absence of water, is the so called *air bath.* Expose the body to the air and rub the skin vigorously with a rough towel. Such an air bath is quite stimulating and is a fair substitute if water is not available.

Washing the hands always just before eating is a very important health habit. It is a common habit with most adults, but to a child it is a task, and only constant repetition can make the task lighter, until eventually it will be impossible for him to eat without washing. It must be remembered that about ninety per cent of all infections taken into the body enter by way of the mouth. It is very important that children acquire this habit of washing their hands before eating, and that they be constantly reminded that hands, pencils, and other objects should be kept away from the mouth.

Sleep

Certain machines, such as engines and motor cars can keep going all day long without stopping for rest. Human beings cannot do this, and it is unwise to attempt it. Muscles become so tired that they will refuse to go on working. Long and con-

tinued effort, without proper rest, generates in our bodies certain poisons, or toxins, which are known as fatigue poisons.

Rest is just as necessary as proper food to keep tempers and bodies in good order. When an animal is kept awake for a long time without rest it dies just as surely and sometimes as quickly as from starvation.

Many people are suffering from sleep hunger. The number of hours of sleep required for good health varies with the age and with the occupation of the individual. Most children require from ten to twelve hours each day. It has been generally accepted that adults should have eight hours sleep, but in this fast moving age, many people need more, to renew their energy. Insufficient sleep is one of the causes of malnutrition as well as of nervousness and irritability. Ability to sleep is largely a matter of habit. It is desirable that the bedroom be quiet, that the windows be kept wide open and that an abundance of circulating fresh air be in sleeping rooms. To those who are troubled with insomnia, remember that a regular hour for retiring, a warm bath, a quiet room, a drink of hot milk, and a happy and contented state of mind, are simple measures conducive to restful sleep.

Sunlight

It is only in recent years that science has recognized the value of sunlight as a cure for disease and as a very effective measure to keep people well. For hundreds of years, the plants have been making use of the sun's rays to build up their structures. But only recently has man come to realize the value of sunlight as a health measure. We know that direct sunlight will cure rickets. We know that the use of the sun's rays in the treatment of tuberculosis is most beneficial. We know that daily exposure of the body to the sun will enrich the blood by increasing its phosphorus, calcium and iron. We know that these minerals are essential to proper health. Growing babies require sunlight, as well as adults, and a five minute exposure to the sunlight twice daily for a growing baby has been found very healthful. Sunlight is death to germs. Many germs cannot stand the sun's rays even for one hour.

Natural sunlight is most desirable to keep our homes free from disease germs and as a curative agent for many diseases. During the long winter months artificial sun baths may now be taken under Guartz Lamps. The ultra violet light obtained from such lamp is very beneficial, especially to the health of growing children.

We cannot stress too much the importance of proper foods for growing children. "The child of today is the man of tomorrow," is an old phrase, but nevertheless true. The malnourished child is underweight, has dark circles beneath his eyes, is listless in school and is apt to be very irritable. By following the rules of health, and by forming proper food habits, such a child improves rapidly, both physically and mentally. A poorly nourished child is more susceptible to disease than a well nourished one. The responsibility that rests with parents in assisting the child to establish the proper food habits, is very great indeed. If mothers and fathers are meeting this responsibility properly along with the others, their children will develop into men and women whom they may well be proud of.

We submit the following suggestions for the purpose of establishing proper food habits in children:

First—"Meals should be regular."

Second—"Persuasion, rather than command, should be used in getting children to eat what they profess to dislike."

Third—"The child should not be

forced to eat when not hungry."

Fourth—"Plenty of water should be given."

Fifth—"Cleanliness is essential."

Sixth—"Plenty of time should be allowed for meals."

Seventh—"The child should be in a happy state of mind at meal time."

Eighth—"A variety of food is required to furnish the needs of growing children."

We suggest the following foods in the order of their importance: Milk, at least a pint a day and as much more as possible should be the first article in the diet of every child. If the child refuses milk, give him his share in the form of custards, milk soups, cream dishes, etc. Eggs, fish and meat are necessary foods in the diet of every child. Cereals and flours should make up at least one-third of the diet of the child. Cereals must be well cooked to make the starches more digestible.

Vegetables are also an important factor in the diet of a child. All vegetables are good, but green vegetables are particularly rich in iron and vitamins. A child should have some fruit in its diet daily, and where it is impossible to obtain fresh fruit, dried fruits may be used. Children should never be given sweets between meals. They spoil the appetite and have a tendency to produce early decay of the teeth.

The diets of children are very important because they produce to a great extent health habits which make or mar the lives later on.

"The development and preservation of a strong and vigorous body does call for a certain amount of diligent and persistent application in the way of time and effort. But routine daily exercise, intelligent care in choosing one's food, and the observation of moderation in all life's habits—all these are admittedly justified by the joy of possessing abundant health and vitality."

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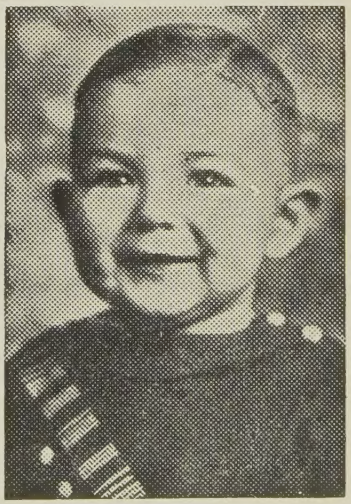

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